



Figure 7-5. Crush larnyx, subclavian artery stab.



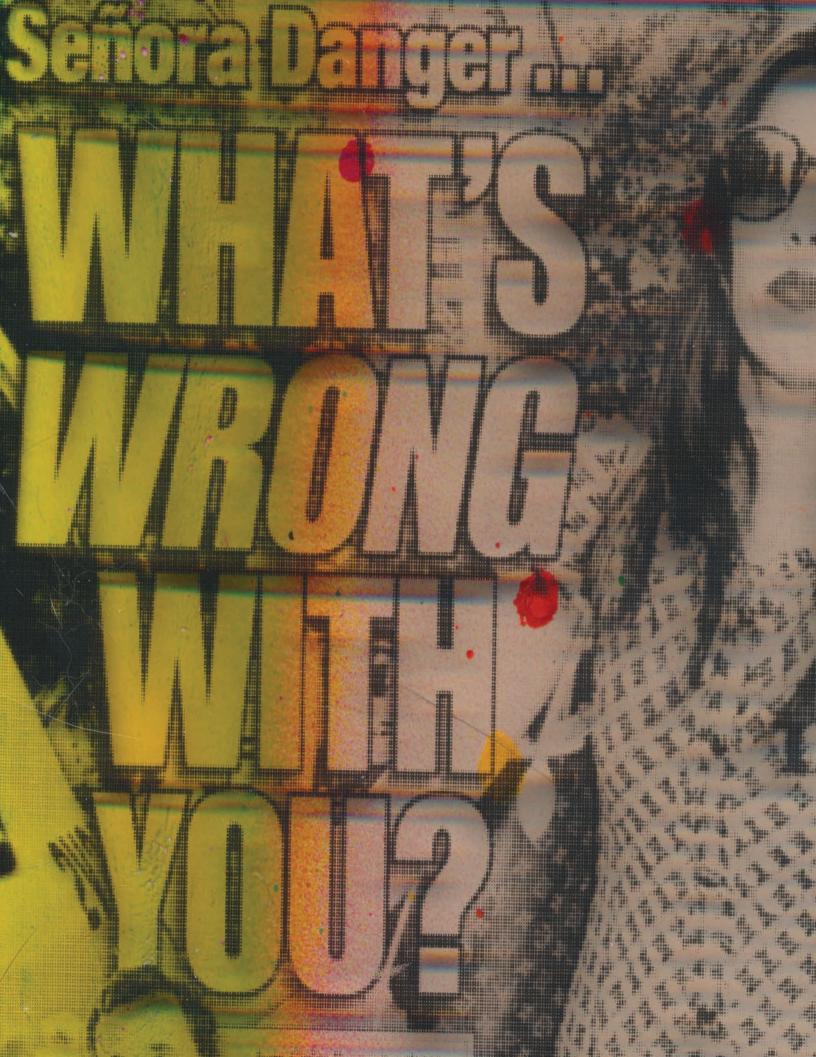
PIASE, ANY SLEEP BABY HARDIY 

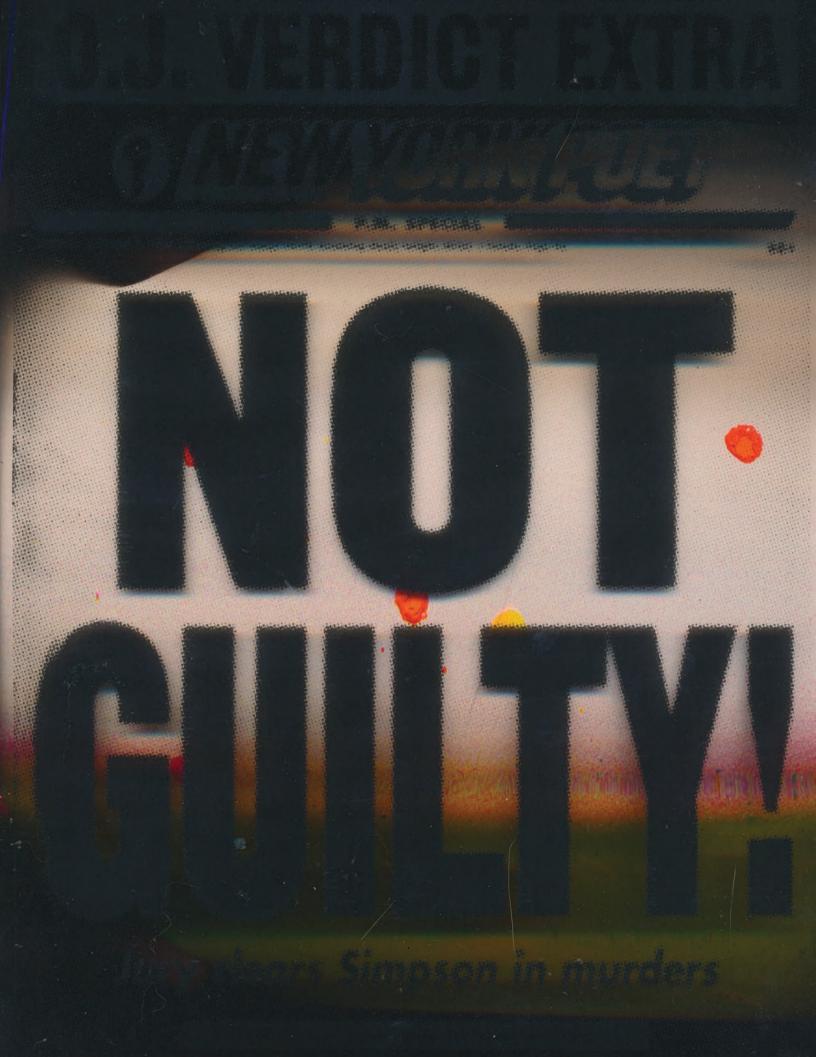
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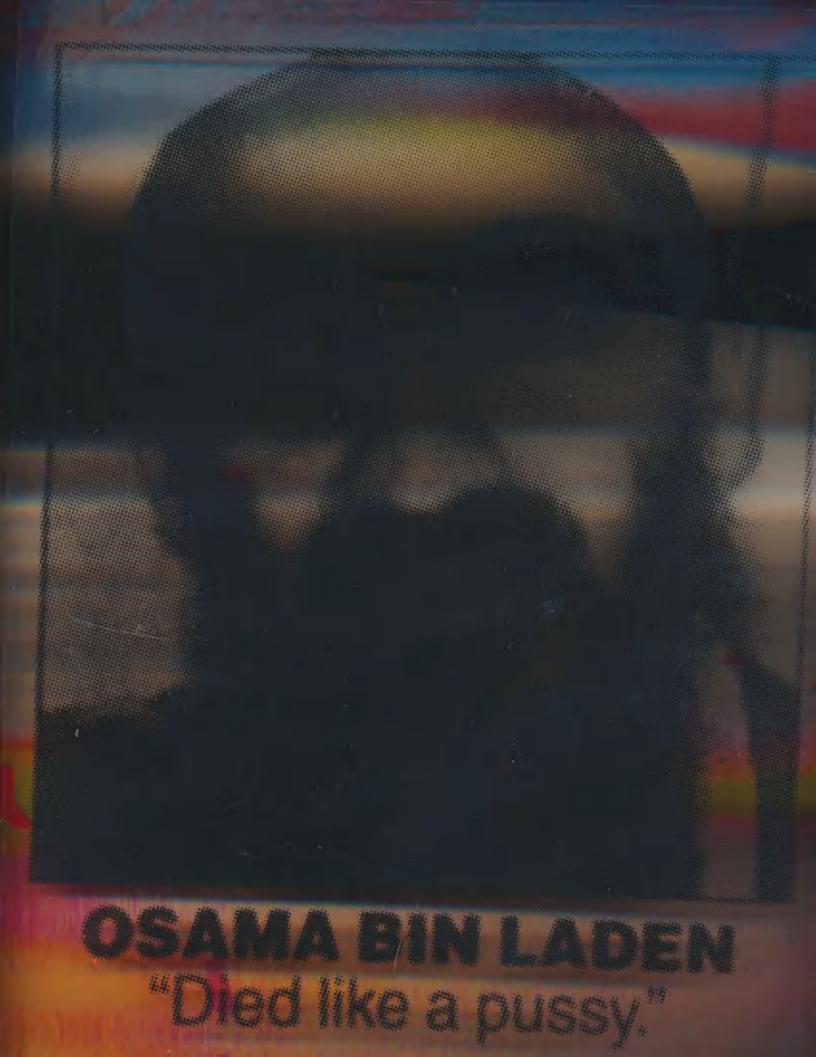
THISIS INSTEAD OF TELEPHONING BECAUSE CAN'T LOOK YOU IN THE VOICE

Anything niversal As Death Fust Be Blessing

Monica breaks ner silence









THE CHARIOT.



THE HANGED MAN.





.

.





4...





THE BURNE

4.



Sticky









.



4...

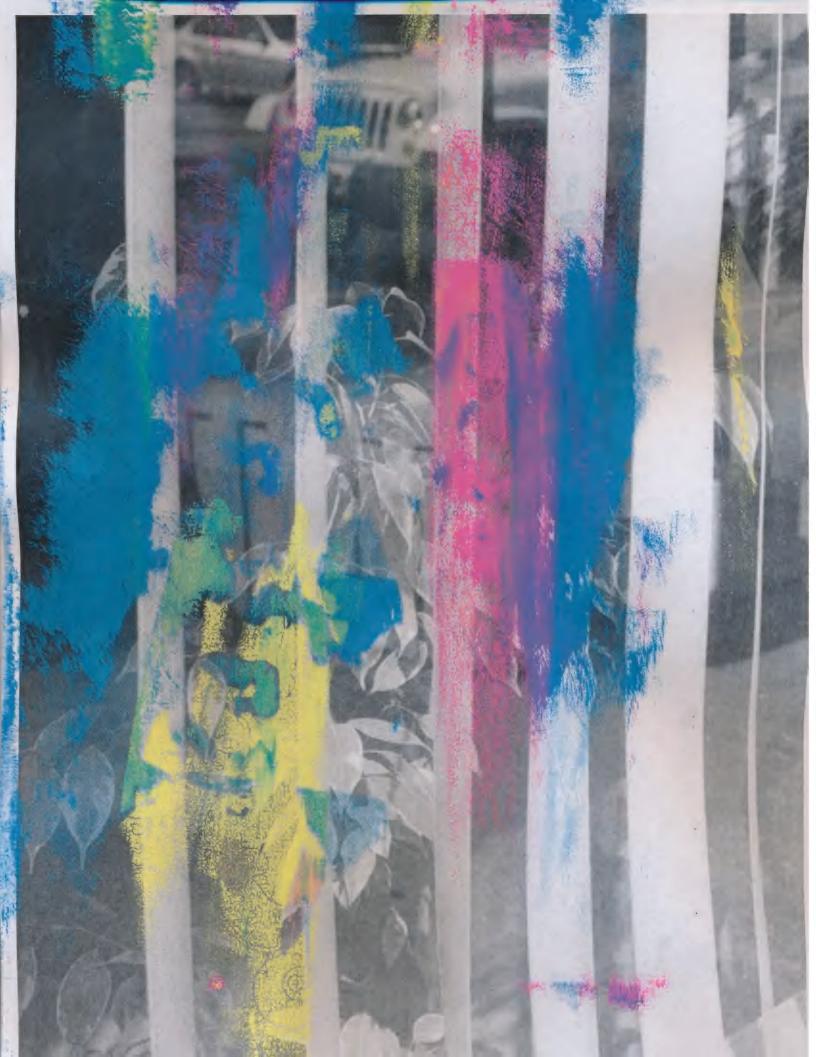
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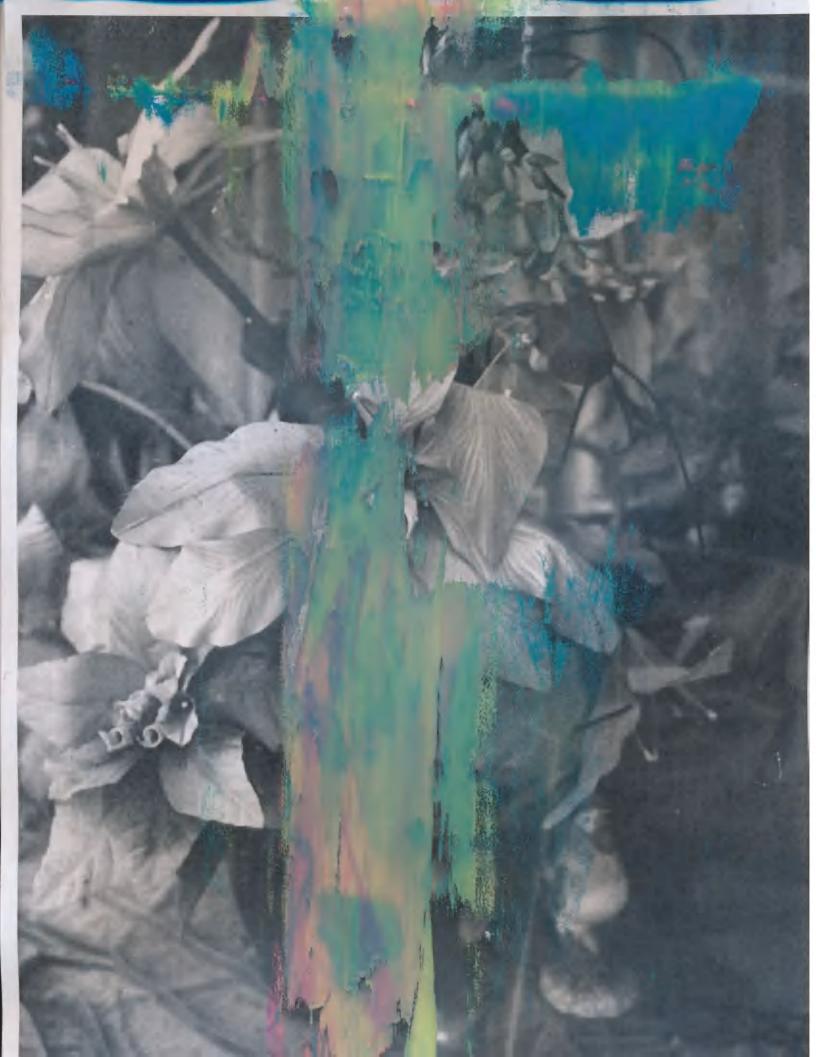
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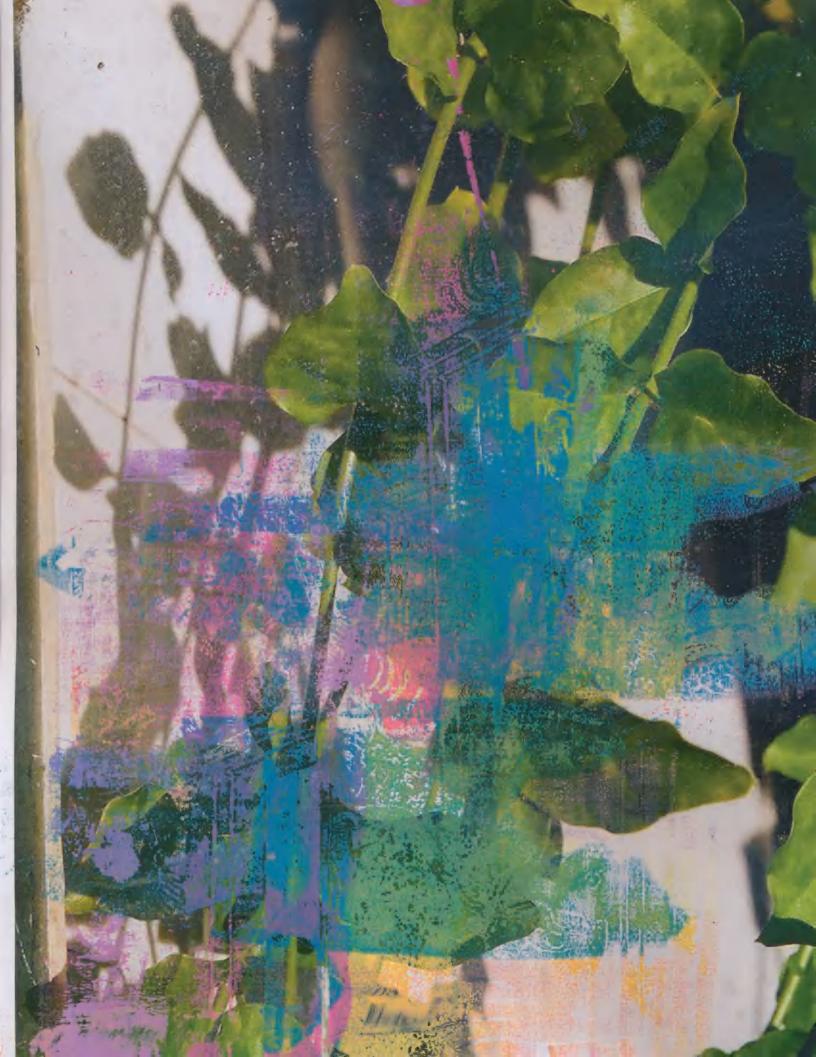


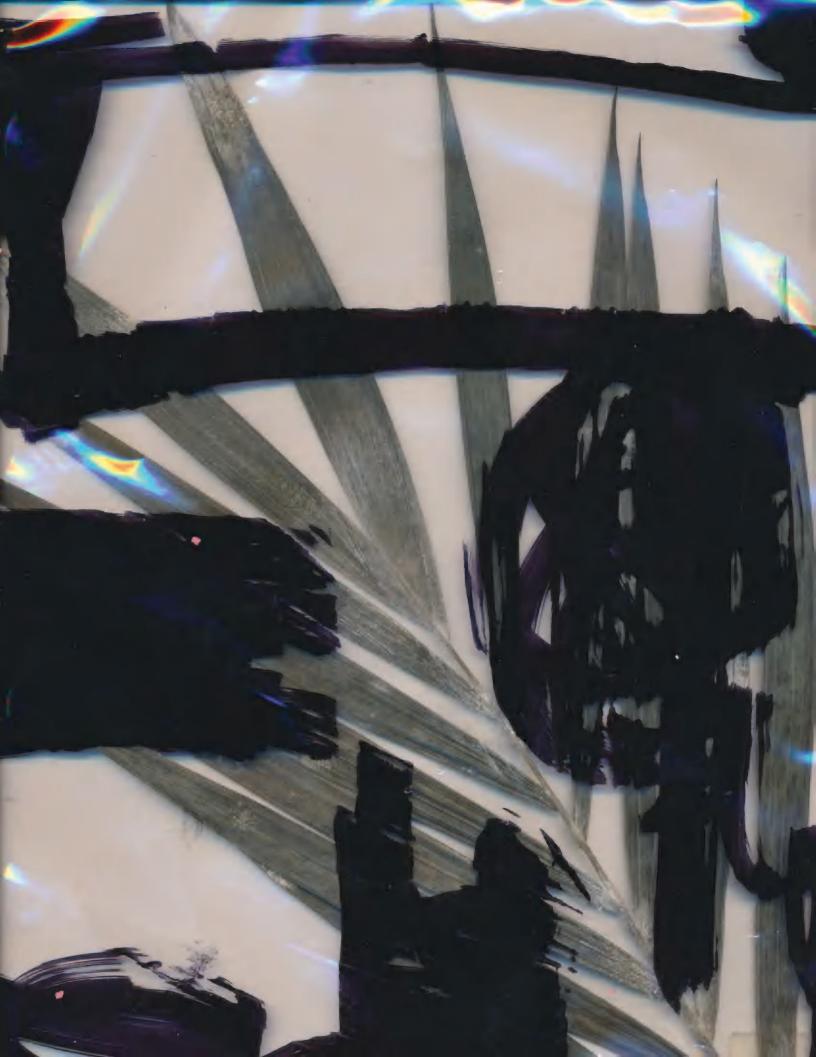




























WEATHER HIGH 25 CHEATH STORES AND APPEND

## When words fail























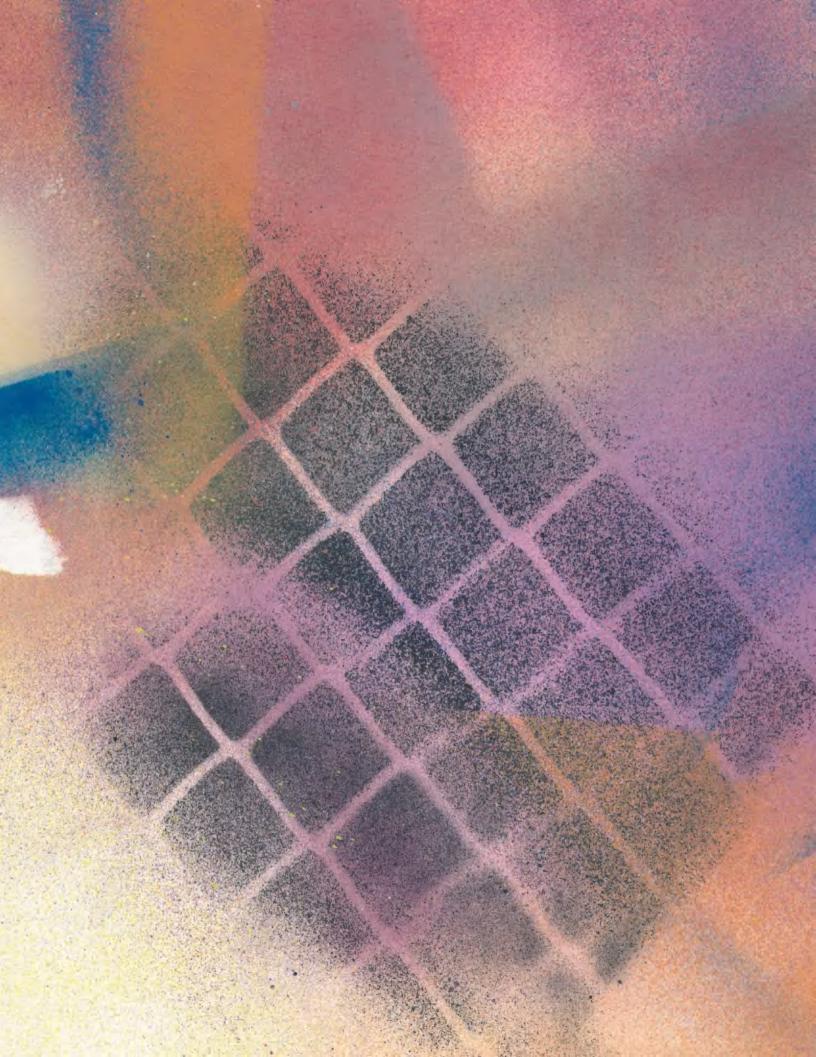






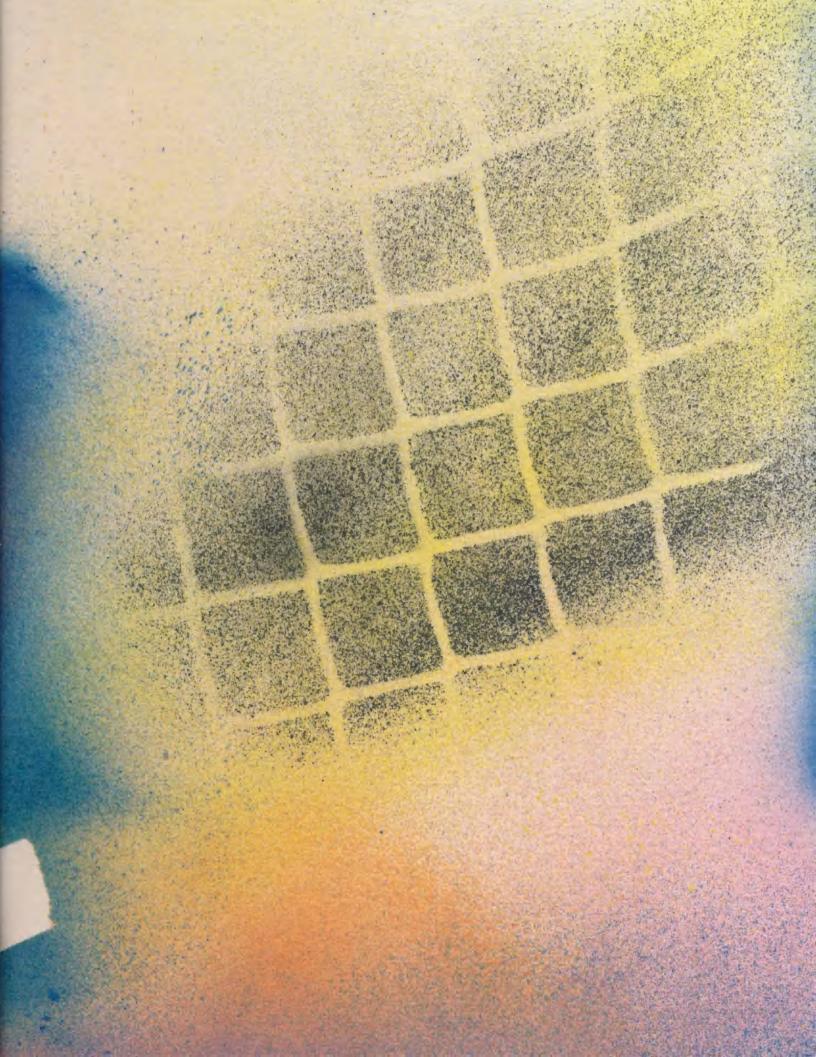
























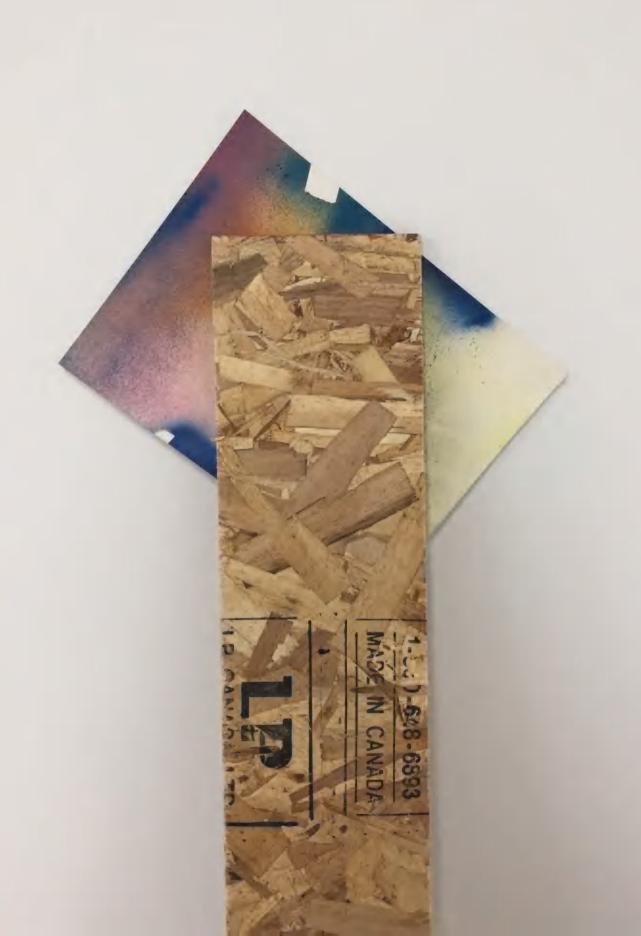






























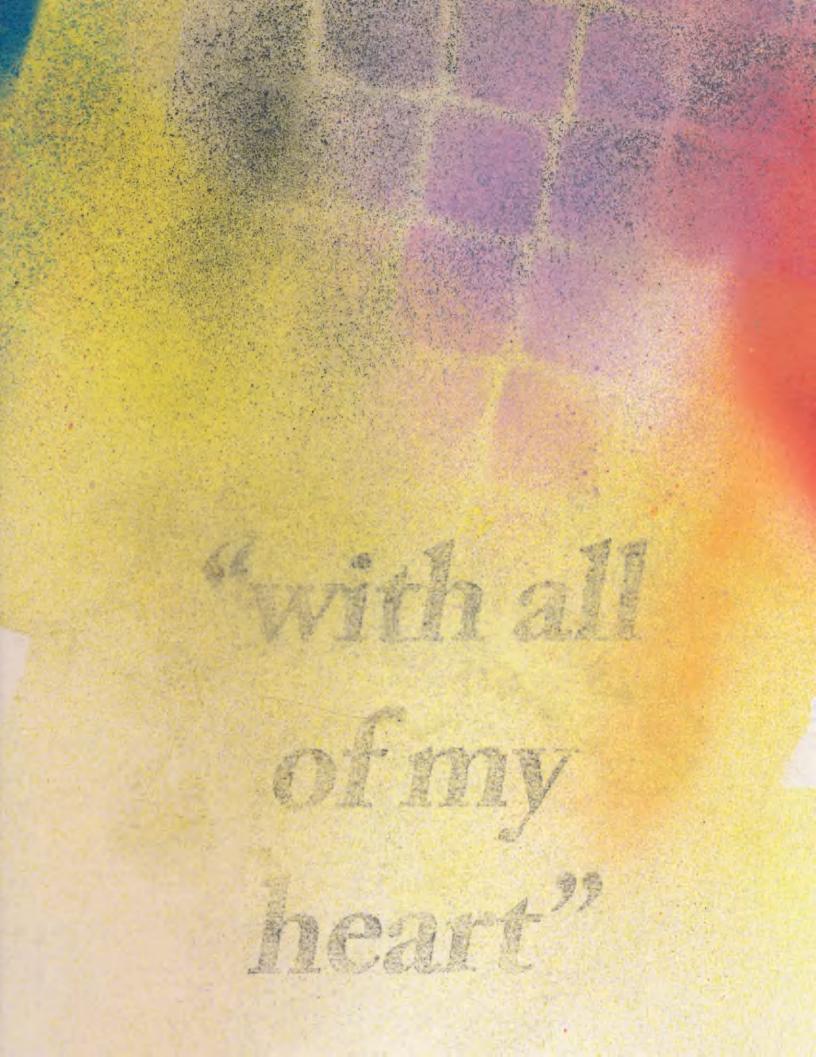




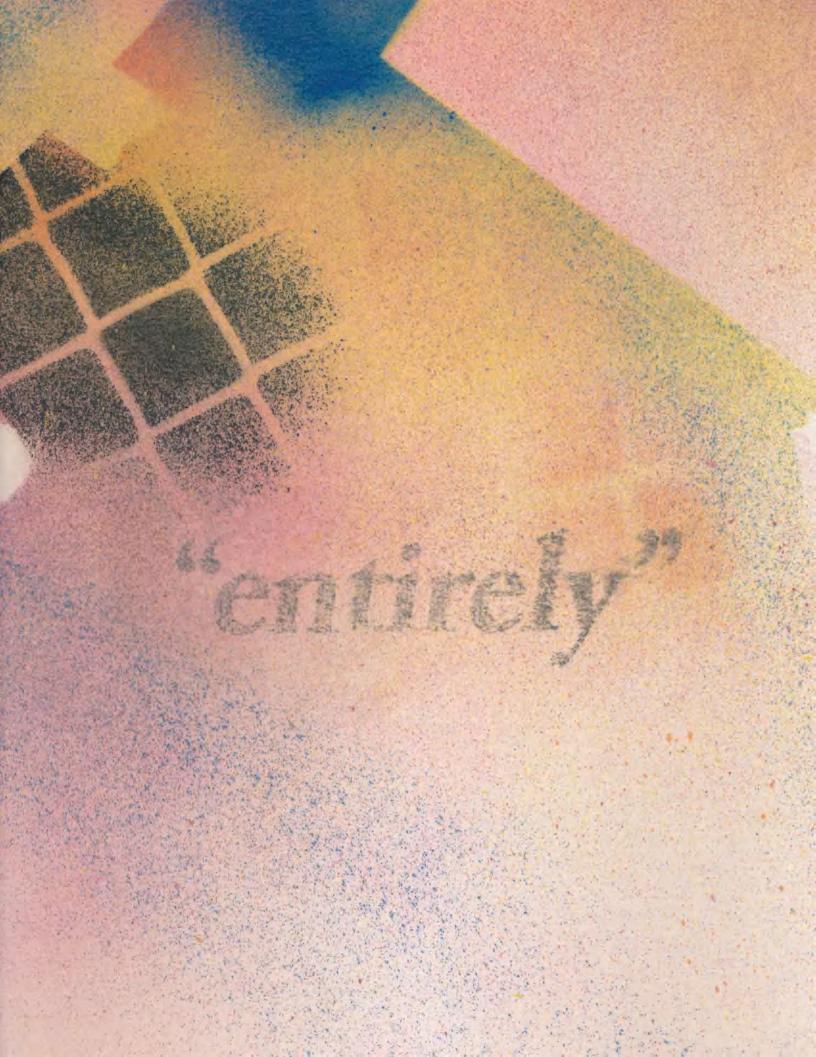


YOUKNOW IT'S HARD YOUKNOW IT'S HARD YOUKNOW IT'S HARD

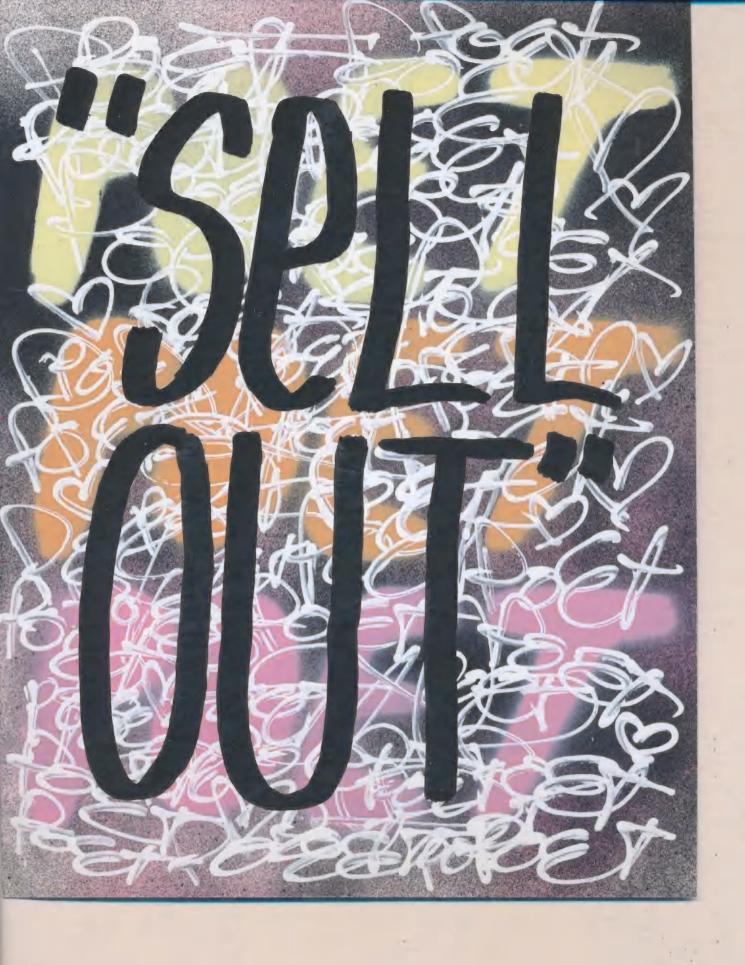


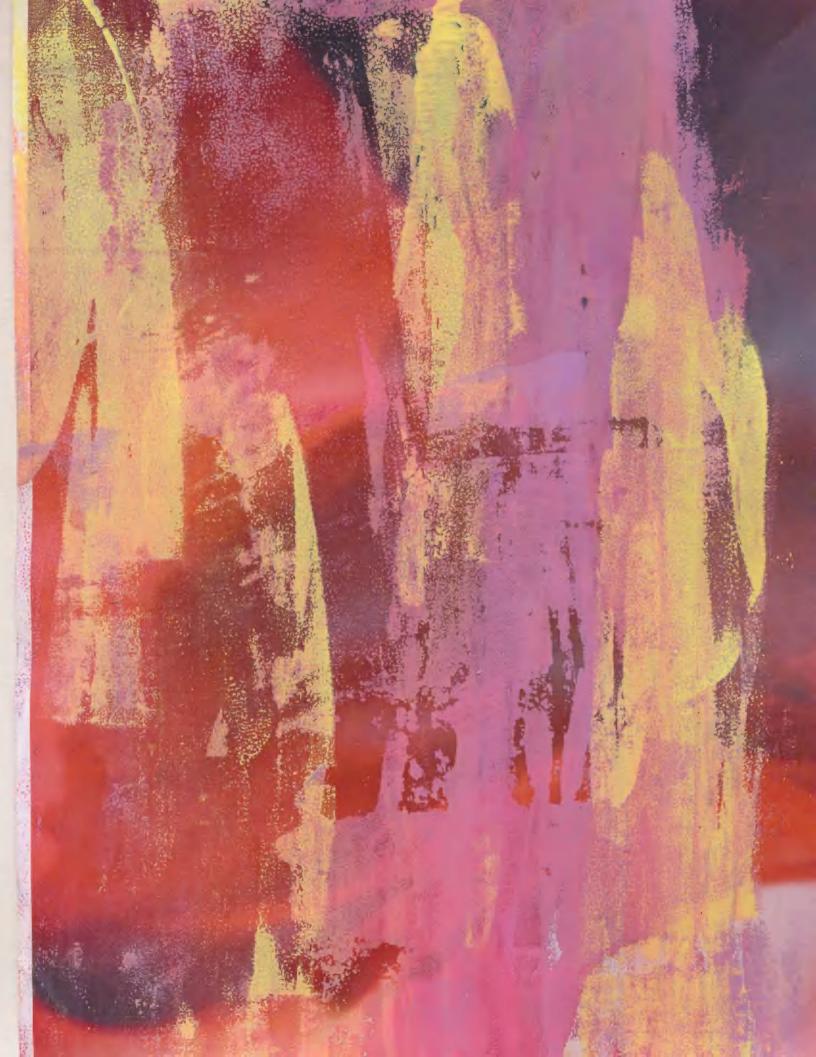


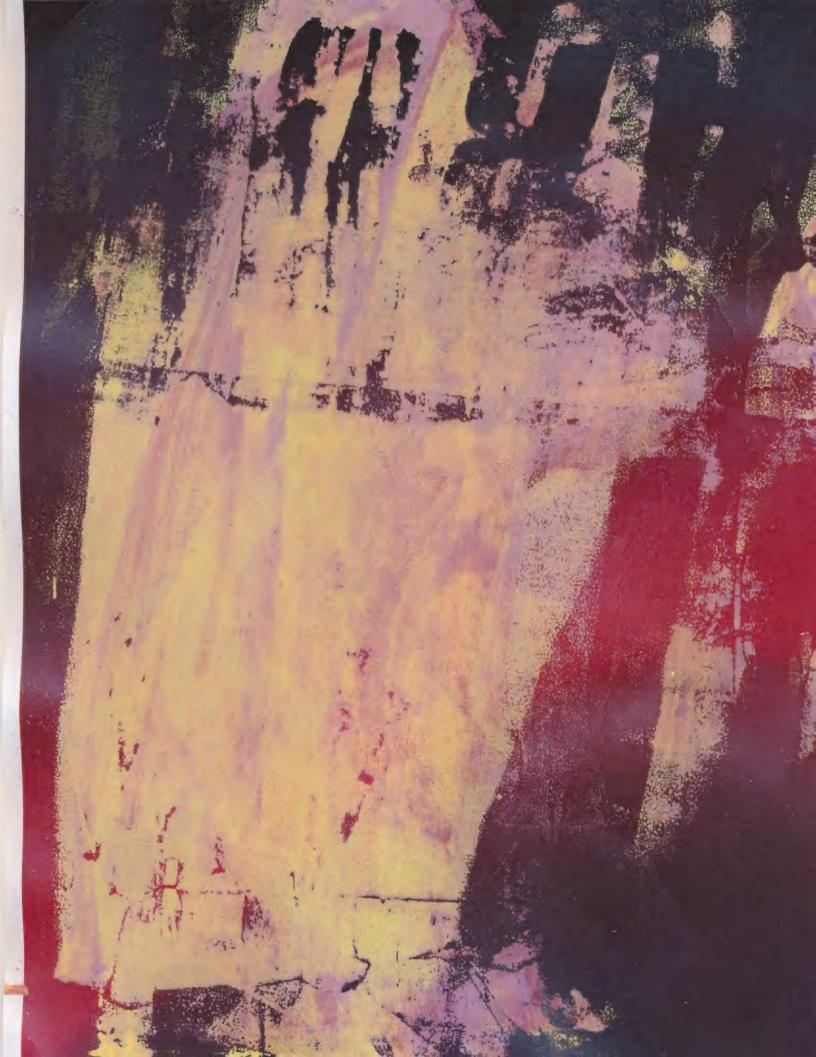












MET DALLY WHEN I WAS NIVETEEN HE SAID HEWAS ASKATE BOARNER AND WRITER ISAID ME TOO I JUST SAWHIM TO DAY FOR BOTH OF

IN LOVE WITHYOUR
LANGUAGE

CAUSE

JASSUMED YOU WERE DEAD SO I WENT HOME Before you

[AMPINTOMY

IMISSPDYOU

SO BAD

M, SSED YOU

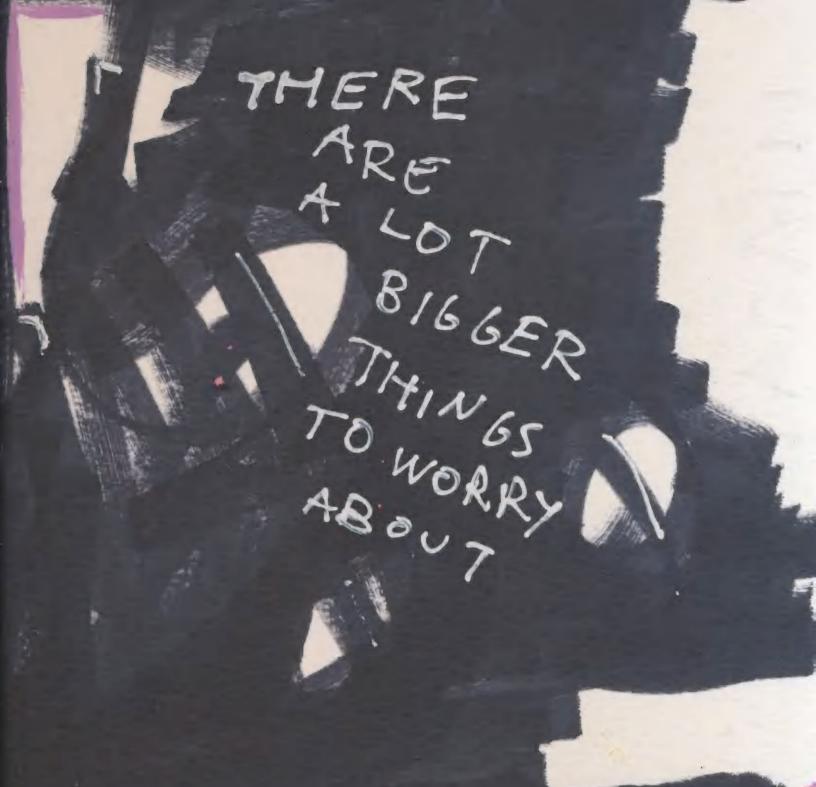
SO SO

AM, SSED YOU

SO SO

BAD

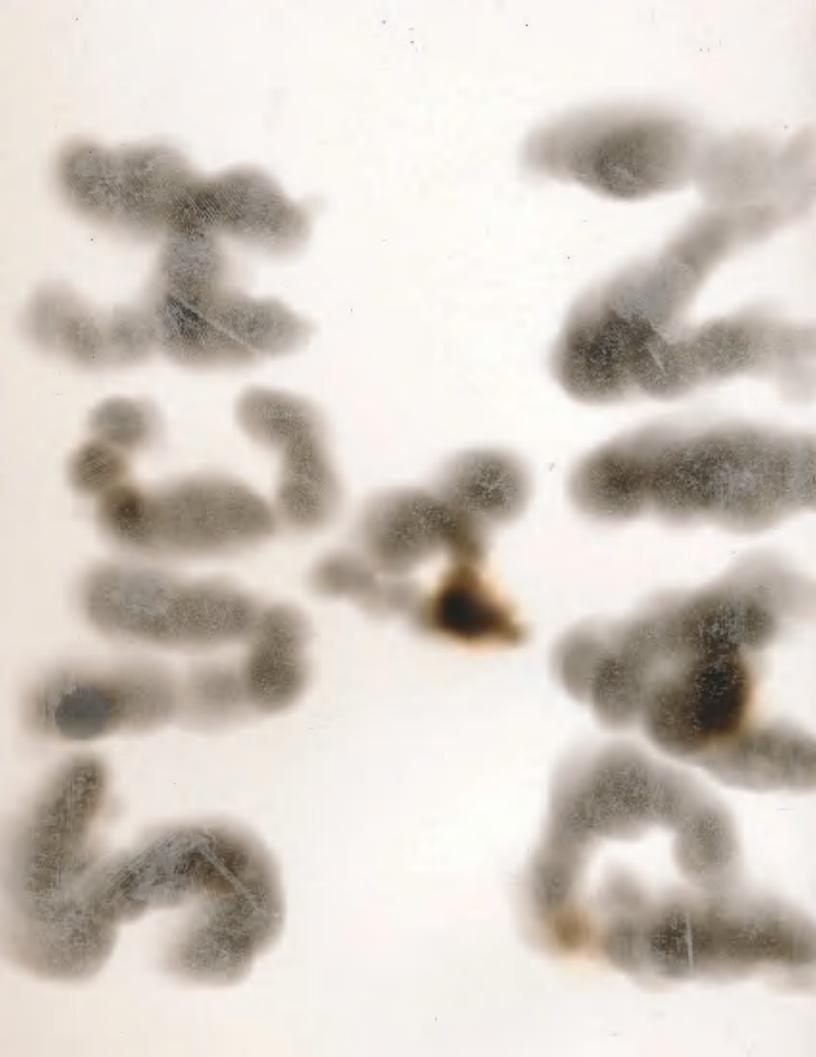




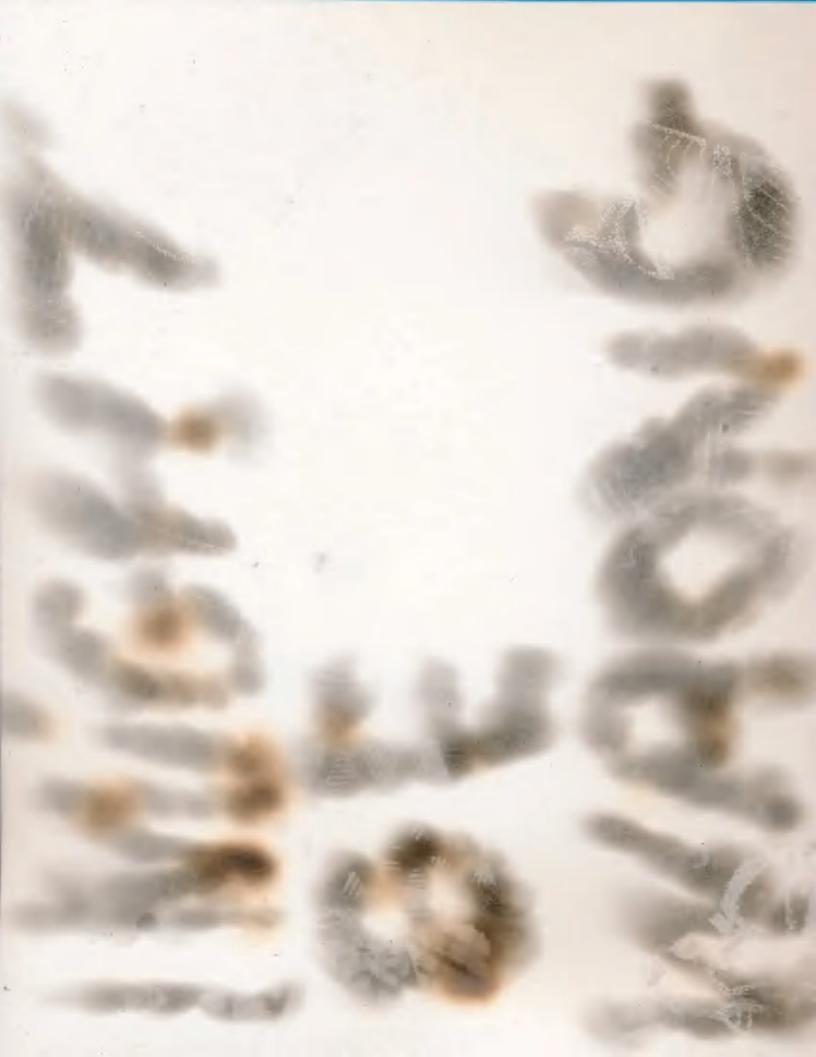
O YES

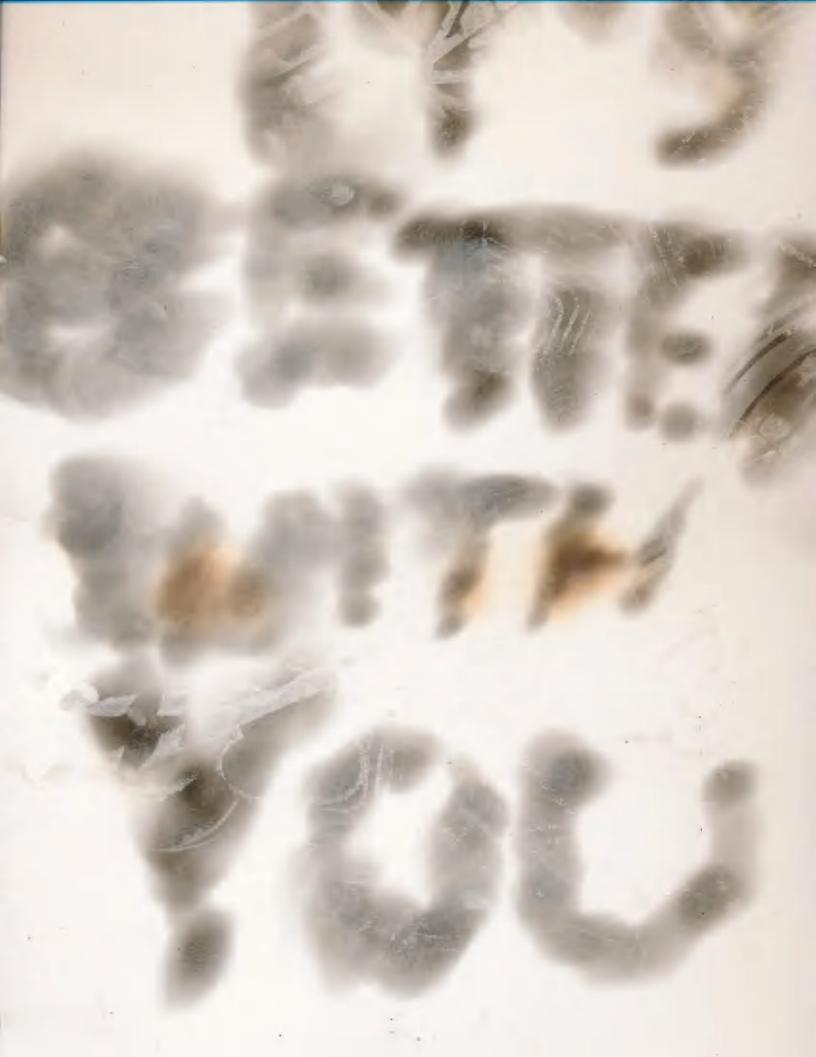
MAYBE

1923 MARCELL MARCHAMP DUCHAMP SIVES PAINTING

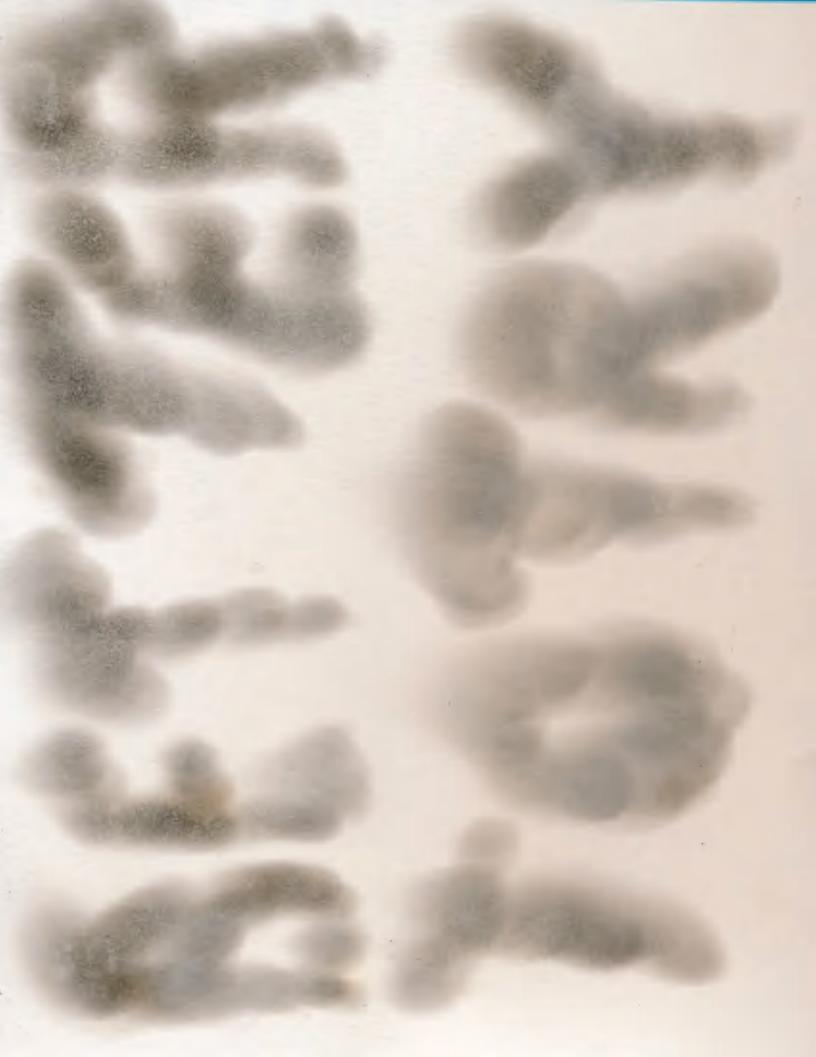






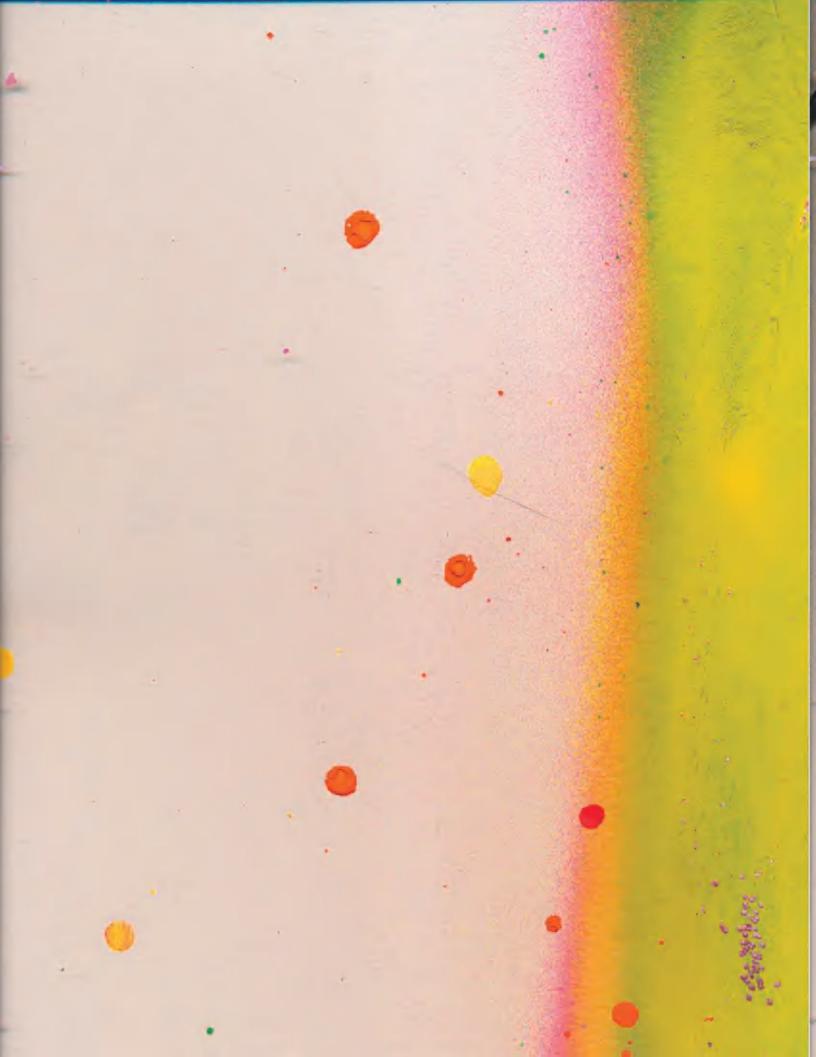






## PRACTICE VIRTUE



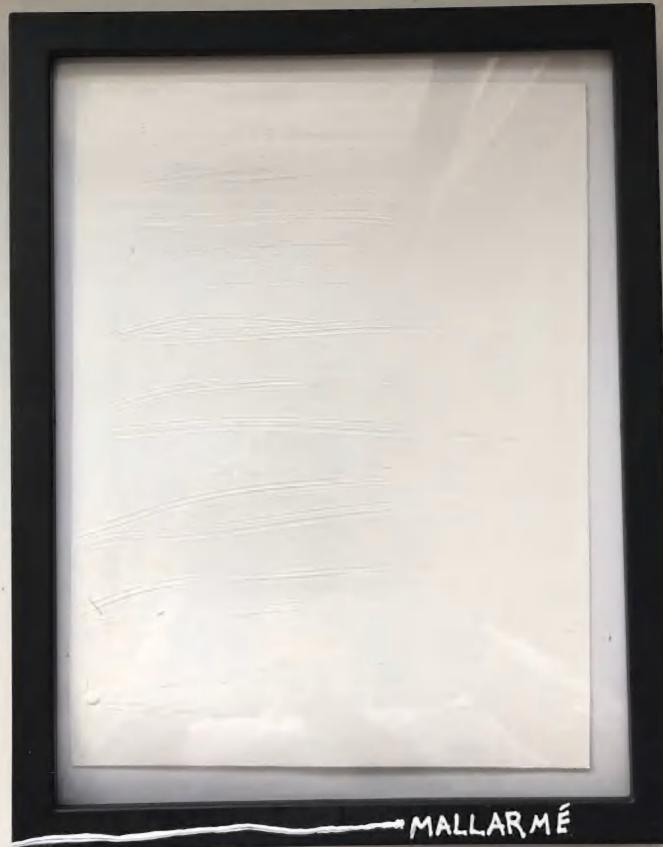


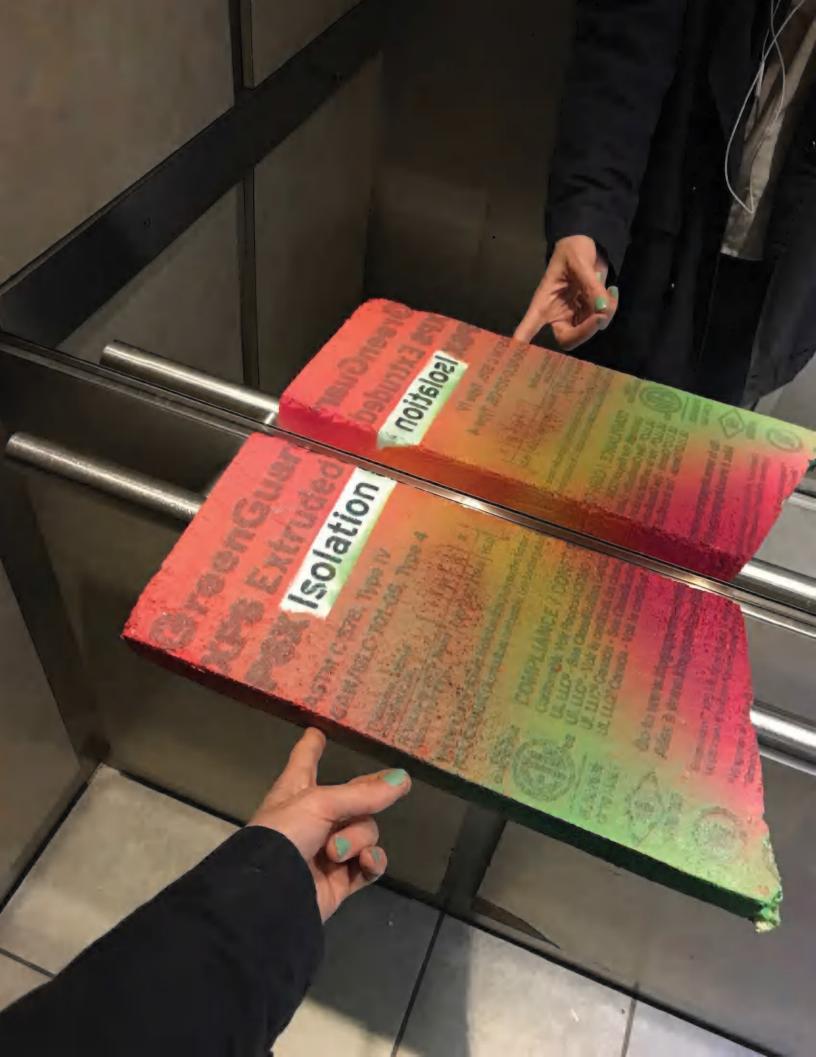




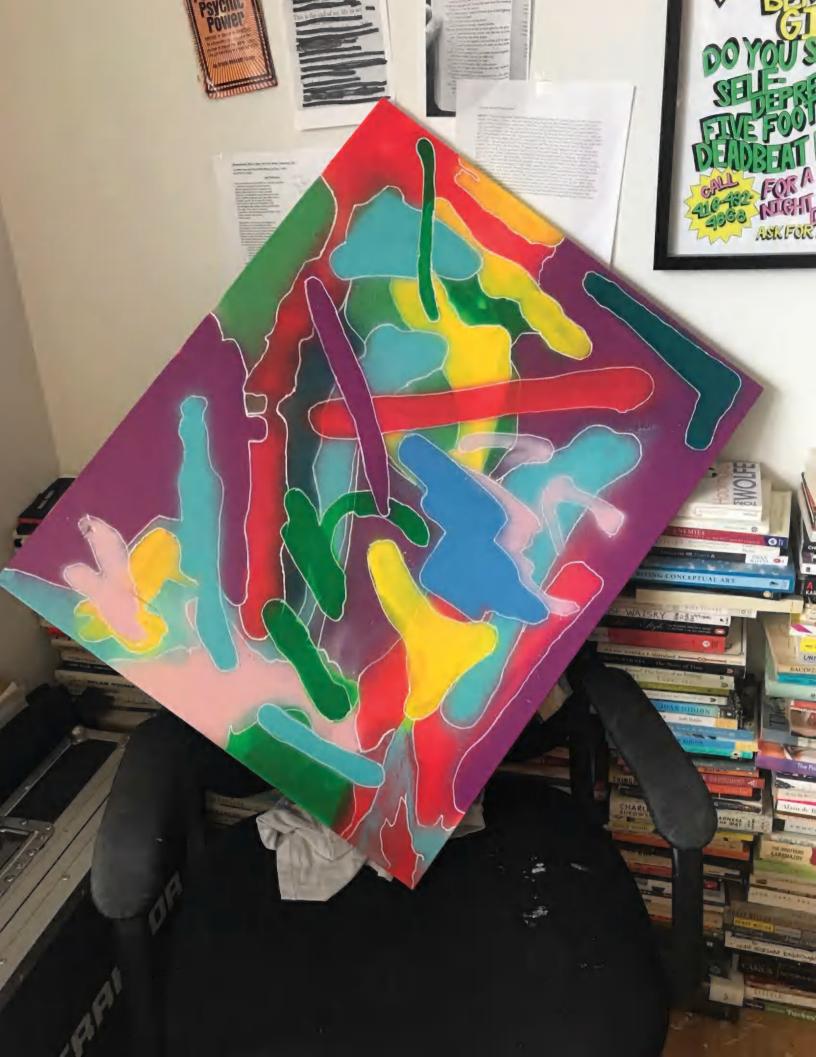


















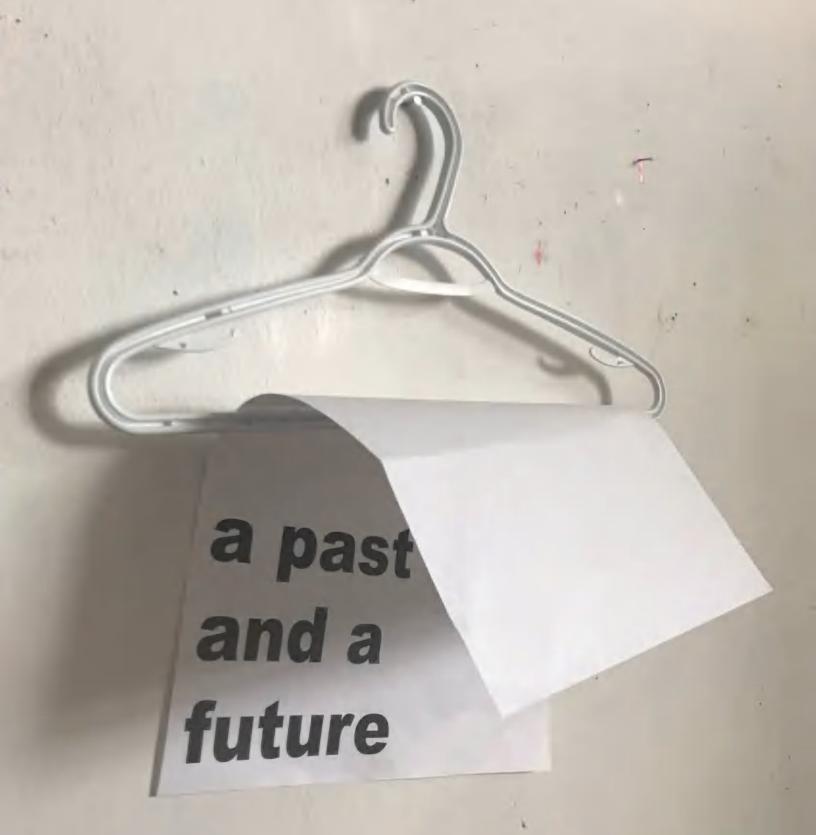


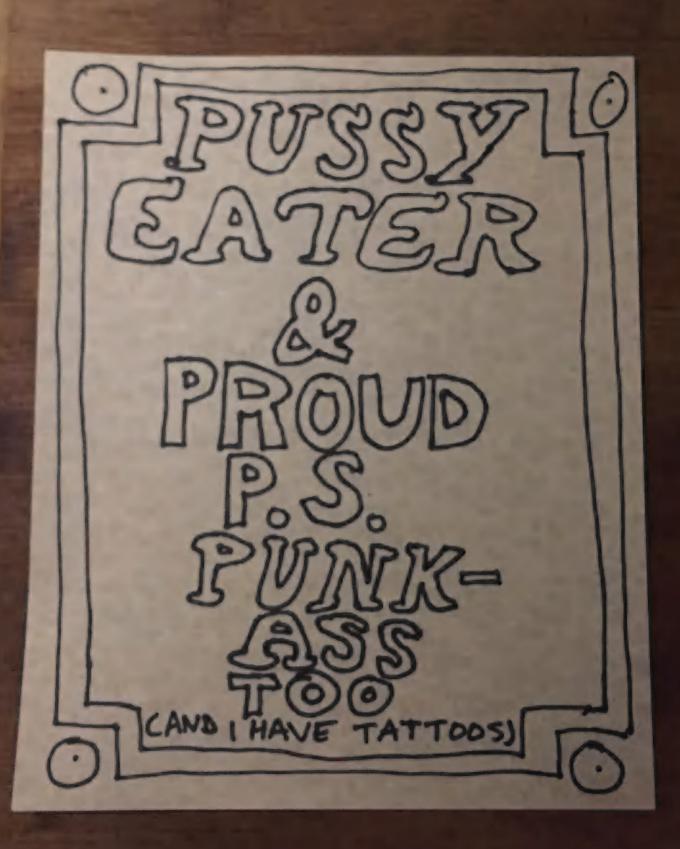












HOW DO YOU FEEL TODAY?

MANIC

DEPRESSED

MANI C AND DEPRESSED DNESS CATASTONDUE I NE 122 COING TO





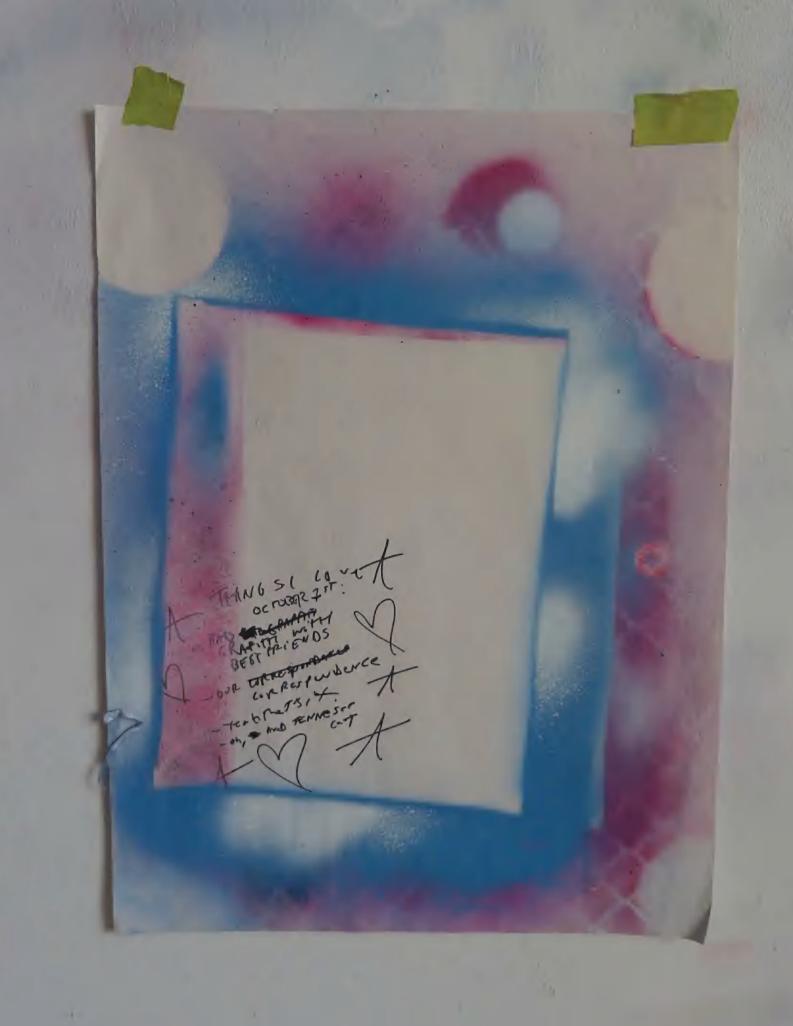




YOU CAN'T RUINED NOTHING PERFECT































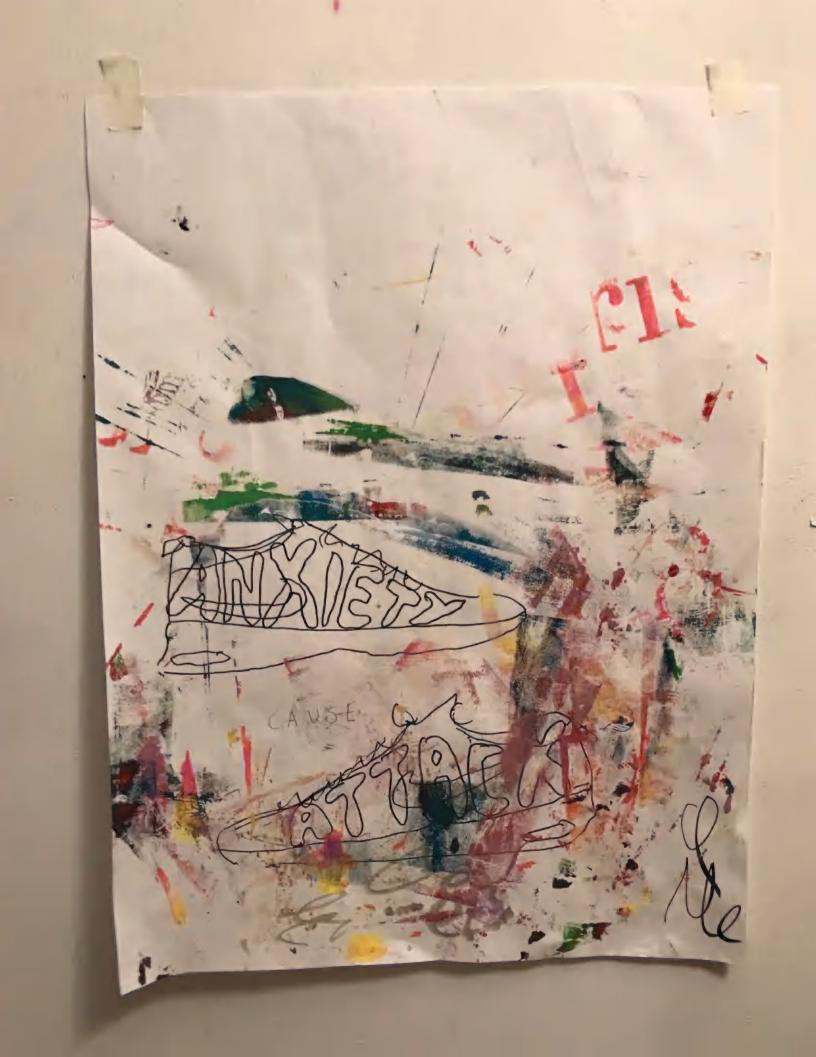












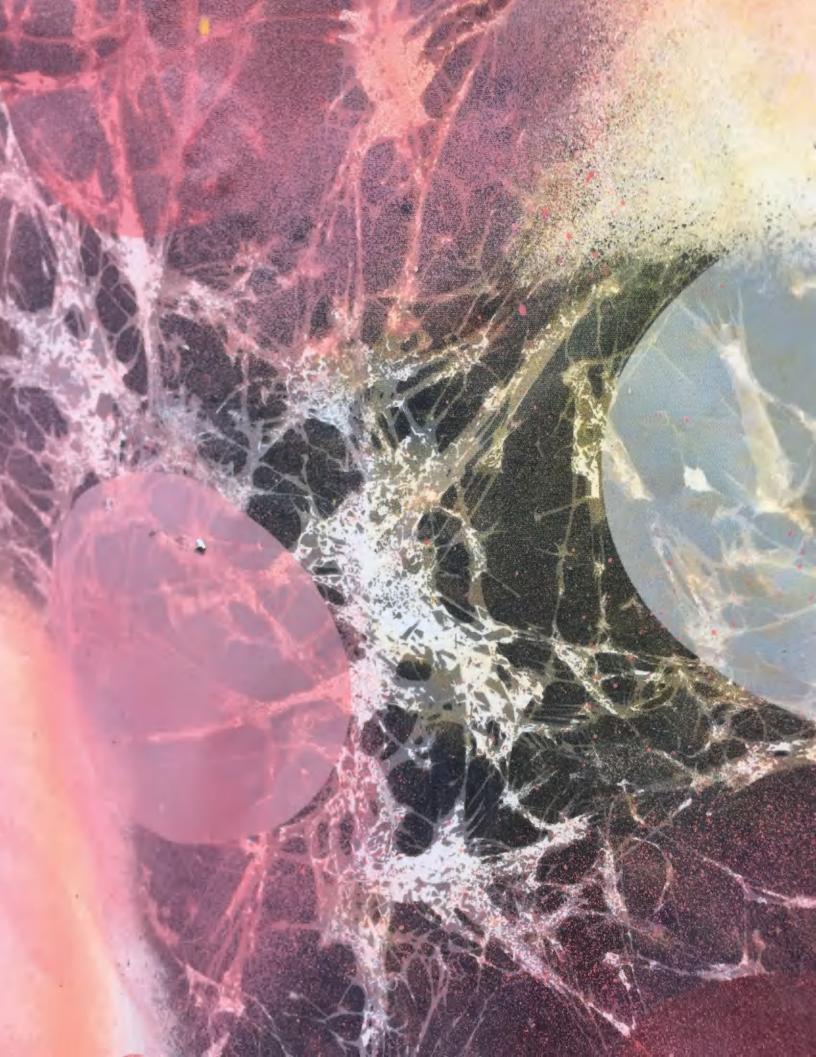


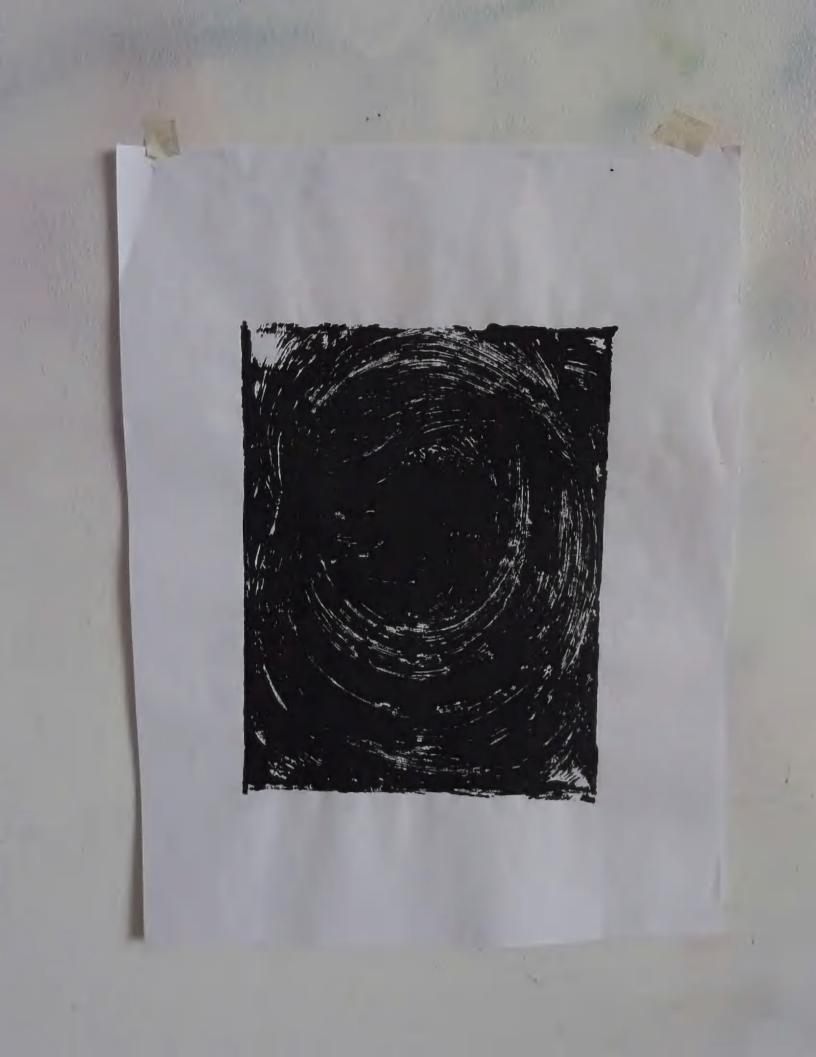


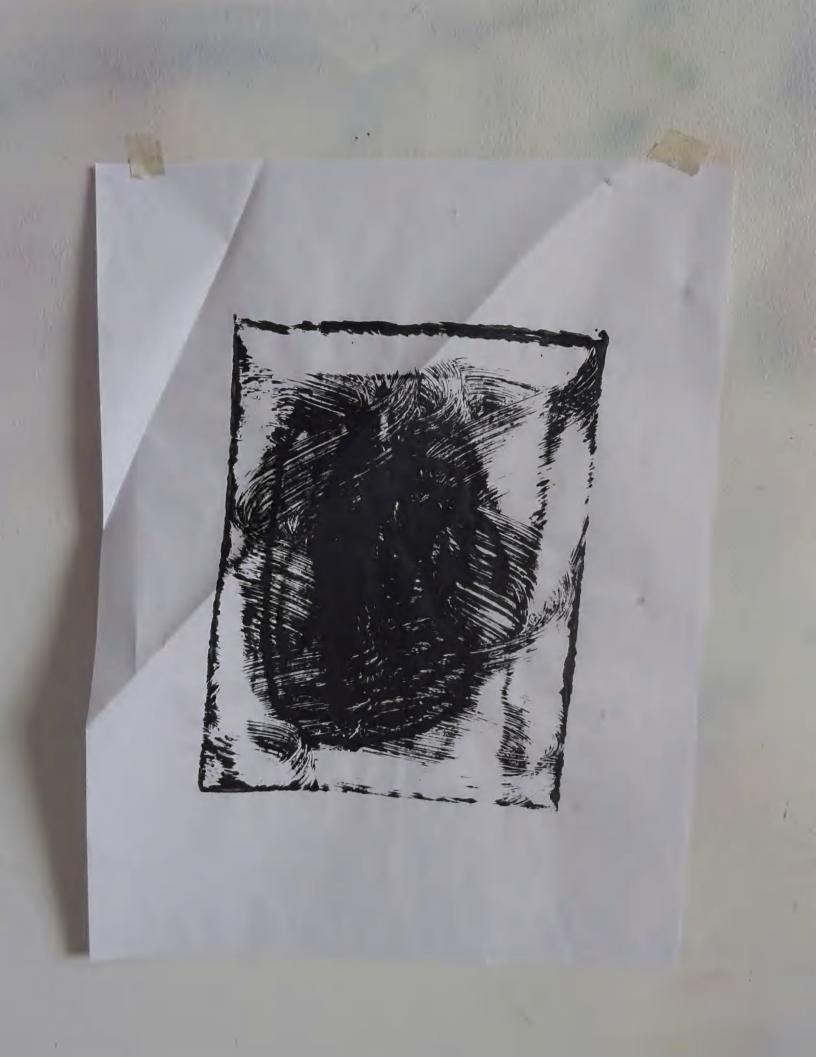


































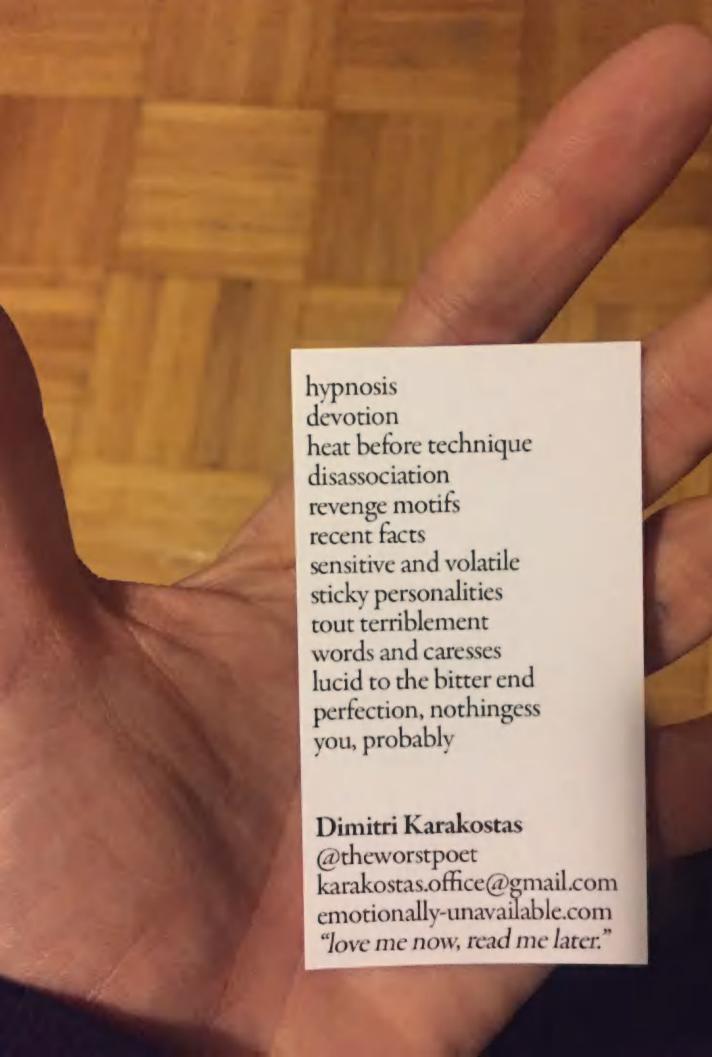






























WHAT FASSBINDER MOVIE IS IT?

THE ONE-ARMED MAN WALKS
INTO A FLOWER SHOP AND SAYS:
WHAT FLOWER EXPRESSES DAYS

GO BY AND THEY JUST KEEP

GOING BY ENDLESSLY PULLING
YOU INTO THE FUTURE?
DAYS GO BY ENDLESSLY
ENDLESSLY PULLING YOU
INTO THE FUTURE.
AND THE FLORIST SAY'
WHITE LILY.











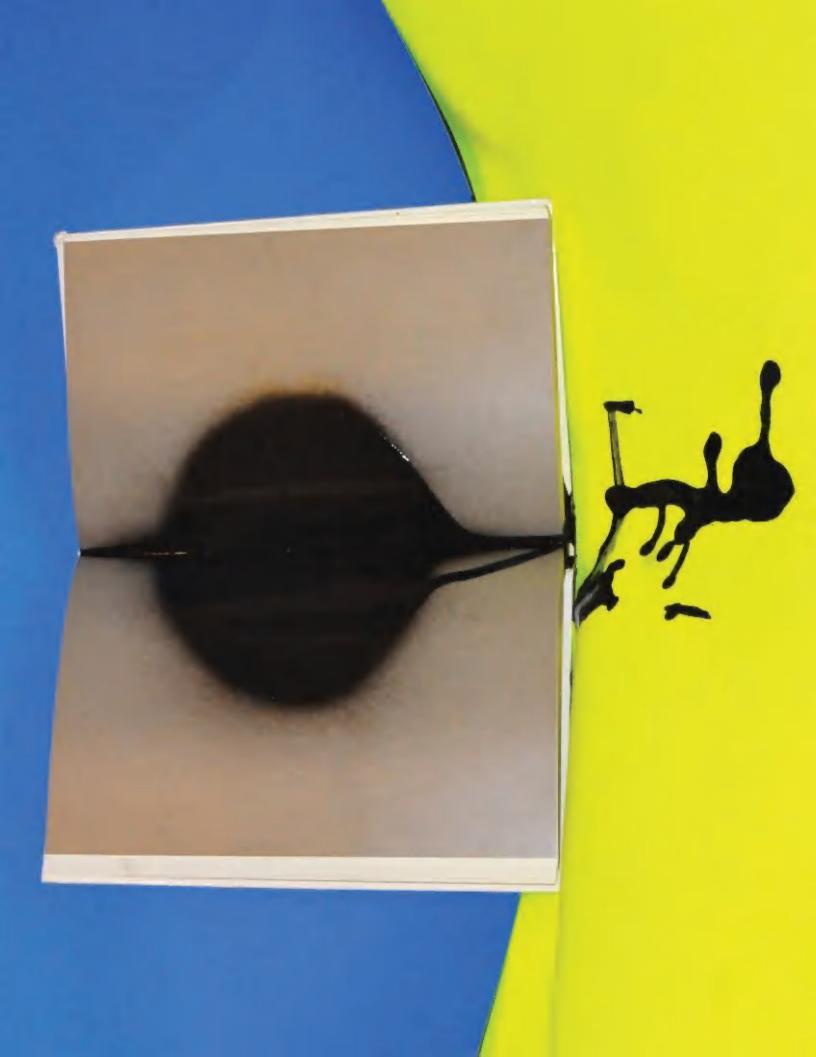












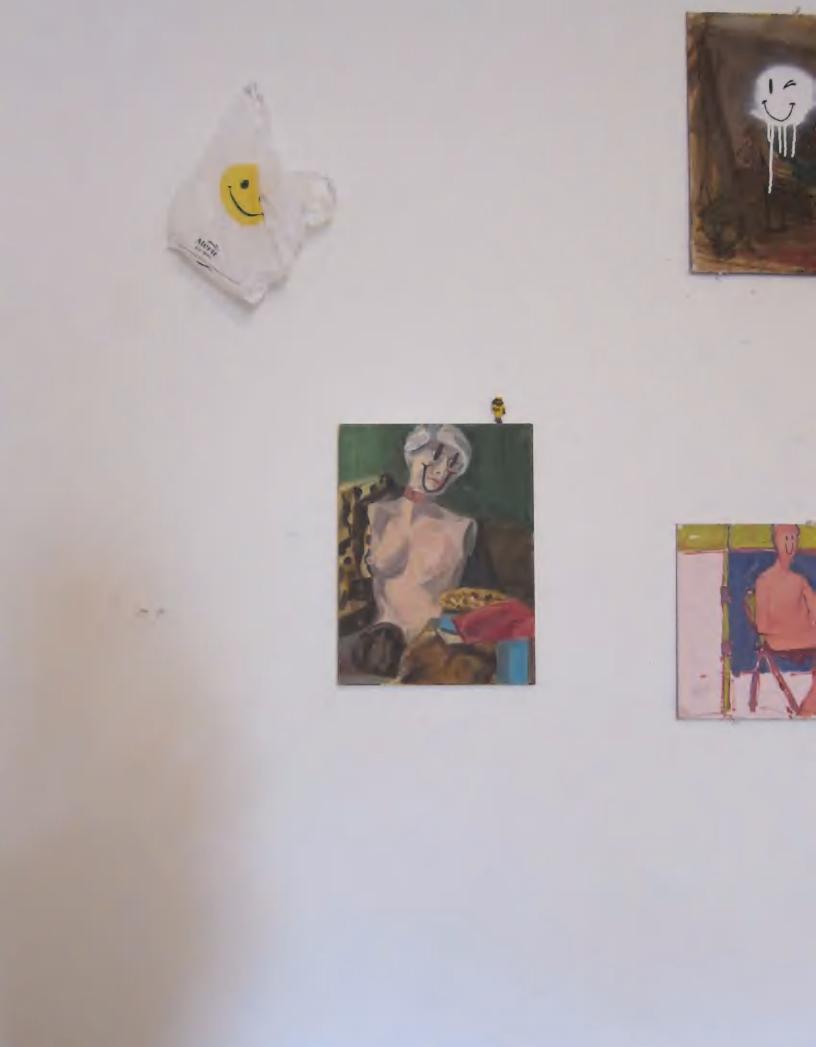
























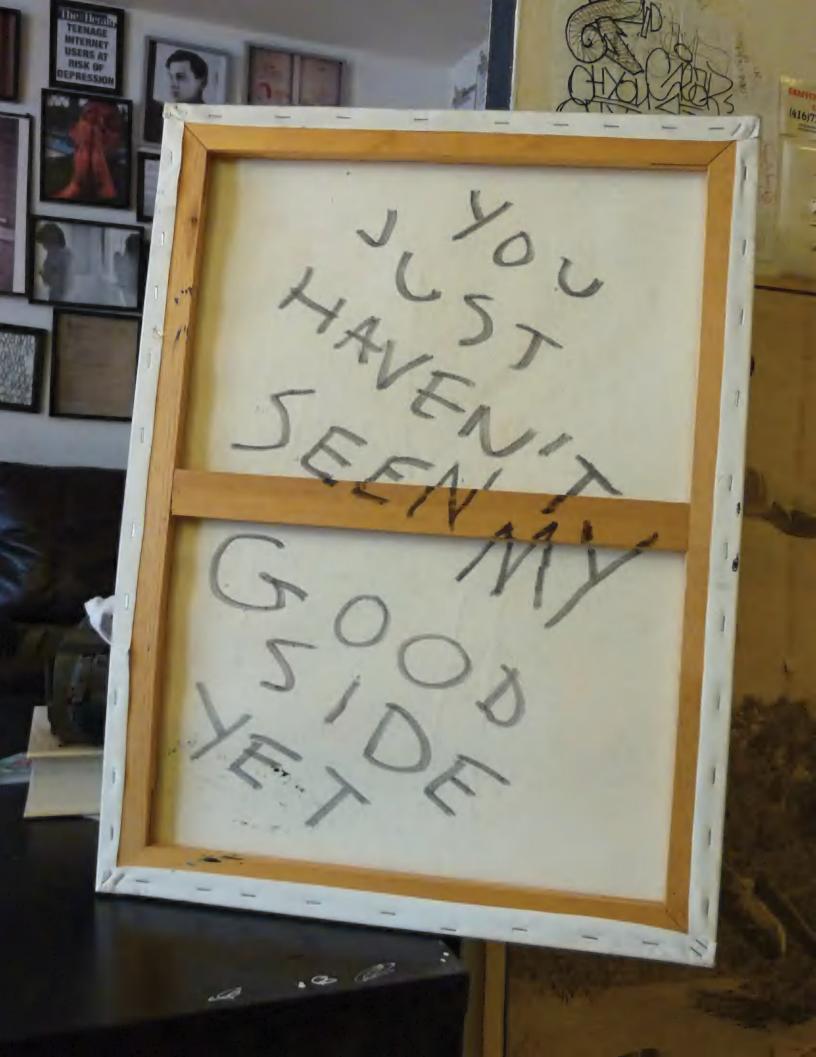


SYSTEM Please pardon my intrusion, but I am a DEAF MUTE trying to earn a decent living

Would you help me by buying one of these cards

THANK YOU AND MAY COD BLESS YOU ALL.





















NOPE



POËT & CHANDON FONDE EN 1743

CHAMPAGNE







Man-RAPTORS PAGES ->> Hogar Dell Ret

MAYBE



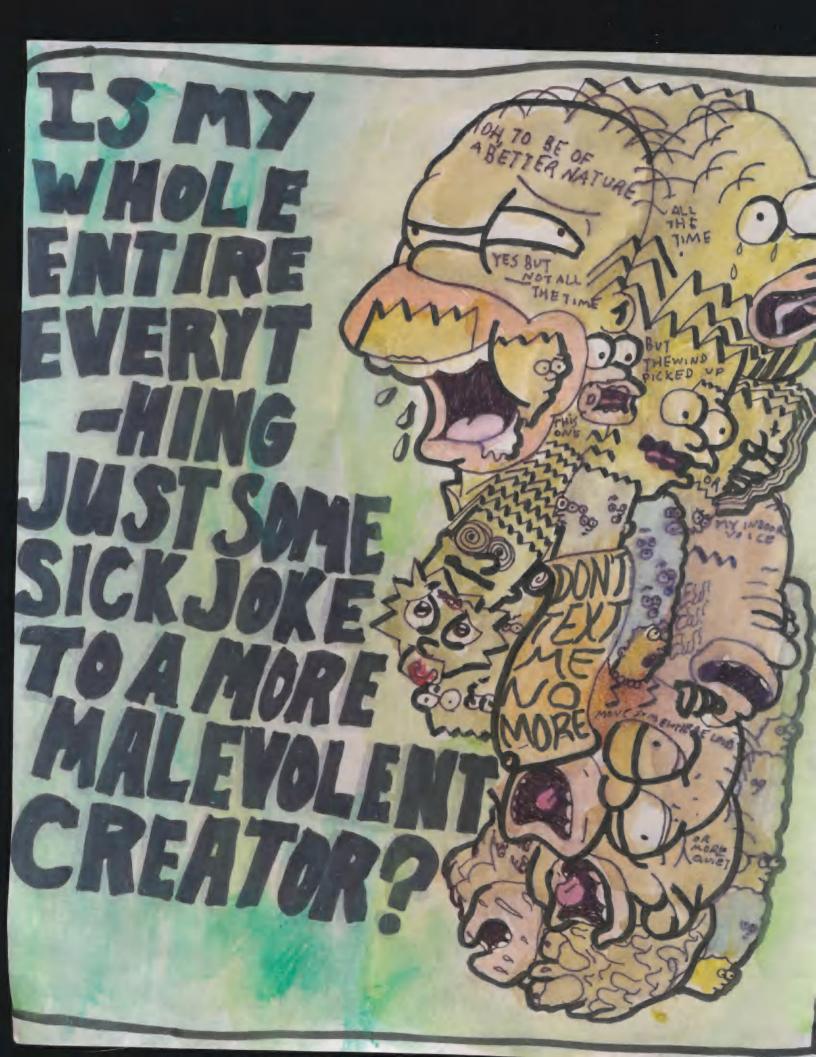
BUT PROBABLY















DISAPPOINTING

RICHARD



ENDLES SRIGH -T

DARKES-T DARK





## ABCDEFUC KTHISHAS TOHAVEBE ENDONEBE FOREGHIJ CIMMOSO BOOR





A CUT ROSE 4 DEAD POLYTECHNICHA

NO ONE WI LAUGH.







HEAVY D AVY D

## BOURGEOIS

VOUS

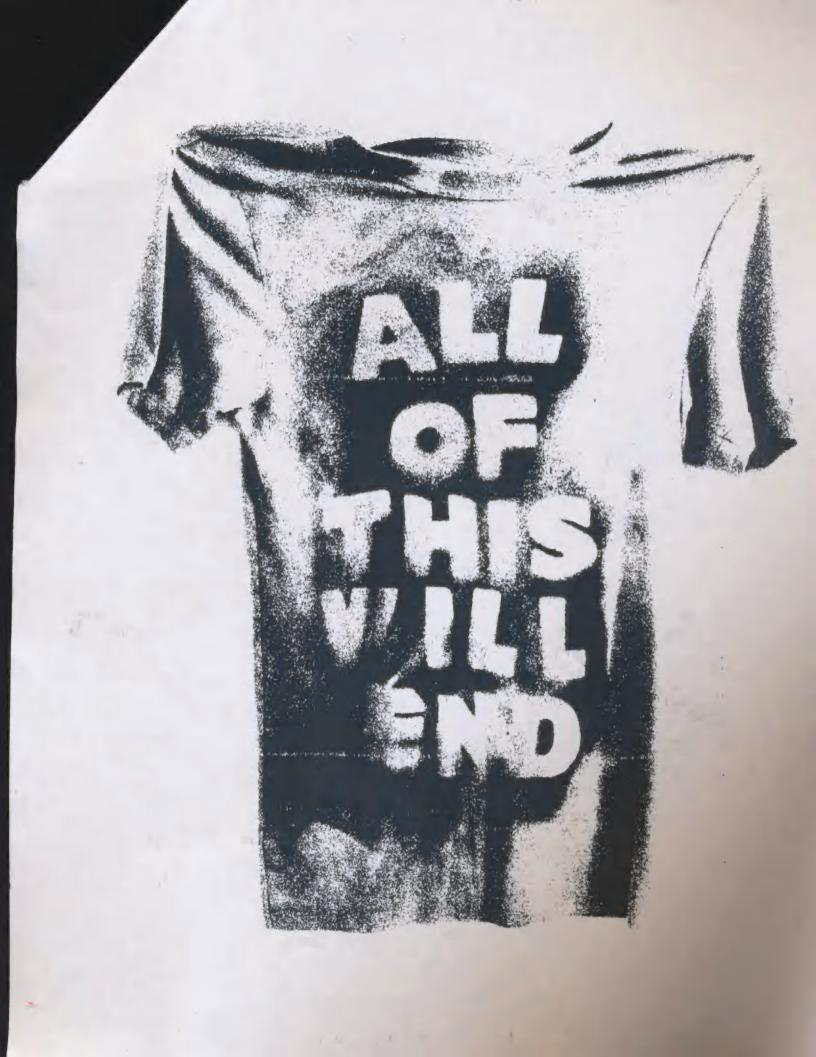
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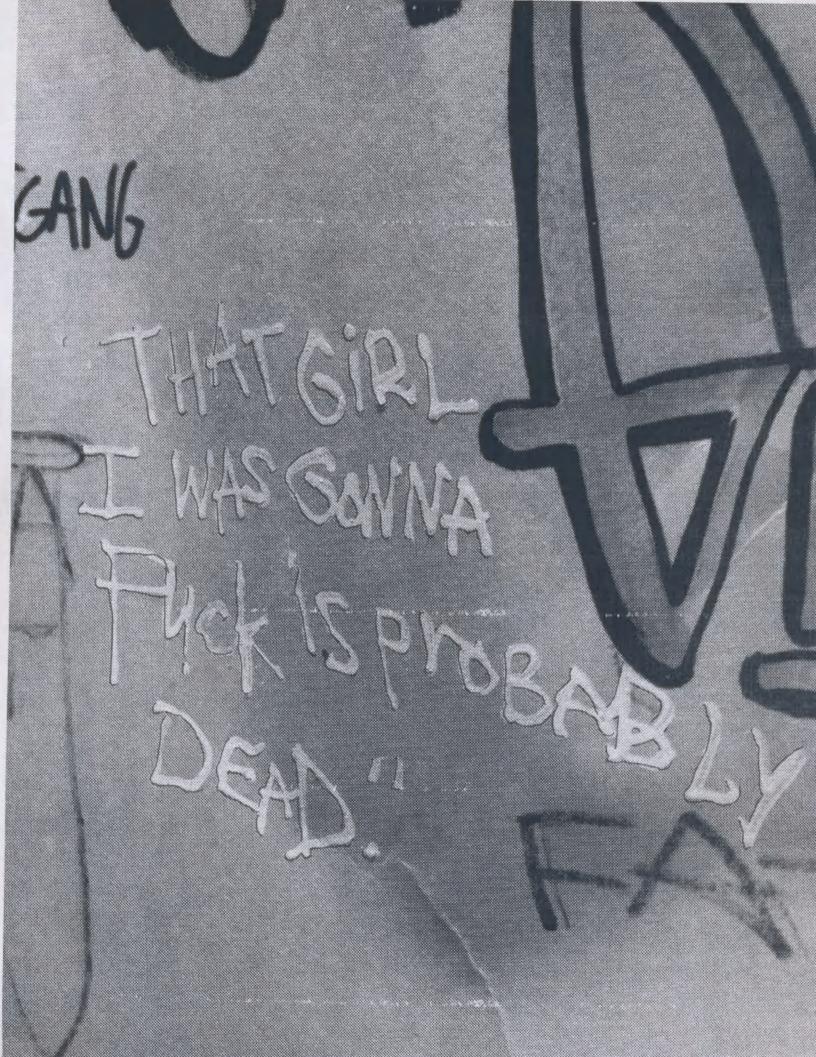
RIENCOMPRIS

You are weary at last of this ancient world Shepherdess O Eiffel tower whose flock of bridges bleats at the morning You have lived long enough with Greek and Roman antiquity Here even automobiles look old Only religion stays news religion as simple as hangars at the airfield Alone in Europe you Christianity are not antique The one modern European is you Pope Pius X And you whom windows watch what shame keeps you From entering a church and confessing your sins this morning Handbills catalogues advertisements that sing overhead Furnish your morning's poetryfor prose there are newspapers Dime detective novels packed with adventure Biographies of great men a thousand and one titles This morning I saw a fine street whose name slips my mind New and bright the sun's clarion Where executives and workers sweet stenographers Hurry every weekday dawn and dusk three times a morning sirens groan A choleric bell barks at noon billboards posters and Doorplates twitter like parakeets There is charm to this Paris factory street Between rue Aumont-Thiéville and the avenue des Ternes Here is the young street and you still a baby Dressed by your mother only in blue and white A pious child with your oldest friend René Dalize You like nothing so much as church ceremonies Nine o'clock the gas turns blue you slip out of bed To pray all night in the school chapel While an eternal adorable amethyst depth Christ's flaming halo revolves forever He is the lovely lily we all worship He is the red-haired torch no wind may blow out Pale and scarlet son of the sorrowful mother Tree hung with prayer Twofold gallows of honor and eternity Six-pointed star God who dies Friday and rises on Sunday Christ who flies higher than the aviators And holds the world's record Christ pupil of the eye Twentieth pupil of the centuries he knows his business And changed to a bird this century ascends like Jesus Devils in hell raise their heads to stare They say it imitates Simon Magus in Judea They say if it lifts to call it a lifter Angels soar past the young trapeze artist Icarus Enoch Elijah Apollonius of Tyana Hover near the original airplane Or give place to those whom the Eucharist elevates Priests rising continuously as they raise the Host At last the plane lands with wings outspread Through heaven come flying a million swallows At full speed crows owls falcons Ibises flamingoes storks from Africa Roc so celebrated in song and story Clutching Adam's skull the original head Eagle from the horizon pounces screaming Hummingbird arrives from America From China long supple phis Who have only one wing and fly in couples Here comes the dove immaculate spirit Escorted by lyrebird and ocellated peacock That funeral pyre the phoenix engendering himself Momentarily veils all with his ardent ash Sirens quit their perilous perches And arrive each singing beautifully Everyone eagle phoenix phis Fraternizes with the flying machine Now you stride alone through the Paris crowds Busses in bellowing herds roll by Anguish clutches your throat As if you would never again be loved in the old days you would have turned monk With shame you catch yourself praying And jeer your laughter crackles like hellfire Its sparks gild the depths of your life Which like a painting in a dark museum You approach sometimes to peer at closely Today in Paris the women are bloodstained It was as I would rather forget it was during beauty's decline From fervent flames Our Lady gazed down on me in Chartres Your Sacred Heart's blood drowned me in Montmartre I am sick of hearing blessed words My love is a shameful disease You are sleepless anguished but possessed by an image Which hovers never distant By the Mediterranean Under lemon trees that flower the year long You take ship with friends One from Nice one from Menton two from La Turbie Terrified we see in the depths giant squid And fish the Savior's symbols gliding through seaweed In a tavern garden near Prague You are content instead of writing your stories To watch a rose on the table and rosebug asleep in the rose's heart Agahst you trace your likeness in the mosaics at Saint Vitus And that day almost died of grief to see yourself portrayed As Lazarus distracted by daylight The hands of the ghetto clock run backward You also creep slowly backward through life Climbing to the hradchen listening at twilight To Czech songs from the taverns You in Marseilles among piles of watermelons You in Coblenz at the Giant's hotel In Rome sitting under a Japanese medlar tree In Amsterdam with a girl you find pretty but who is ugly And engaged to a student from Leyden One can rent rooms there in Latin Cubicula locanda I remember three days there and three at Gouda You are in Paris arrainged before the judge Arrested like a criminal You went on sad and merry journeys Before growing aware of lies and old age Love made you unhappy at twenty again at thirty I have lived like a fool and wasted my youth You no longer dare examine your hands and at any moment I could weep Over you over her whom I love over all that has frightened you With tears in your eyes you see the shabby refugees Who have faith in God and pray the mothers nurse their children Their smell fills the waiting room at the gare St. Lazare Like the three kings they believe in a star Hoping to strike it rich in Argentina And return home wealthy One family carries a crimson quilt as you your heart Quilt and our dreams are equally unreal Some of these refugees stay on and lodge In slums on the rue des Rosiers or the rue des Écouffes They keep close to home like chessmen and are mostly Jewish their wives wear wigs Pallid they sit at the back of little shops You stand at the counter of a dirty bar Taking a café for two sous among the wretched You are in a huge restaurant at night these women are not evil only careworn Each has tortured her lover even the ugliest Who is the daughter of a Jersey policeman Her hands which I had not noticed are calloused and cracked Pity fills me for the scars on her belly Now I humble my mouth to a poor creature with a horrible laugh You are alone morning comes Milkmen clink bottles along the street Night leaves like a lovely Métive Ferdine the false or watchful Lea You sip a liquor as burning as your life Your life you drain like an eau-de-vie And stride home to Auteil To sleep among your fetish from Oceania or Guinea Other forms of Christ and other faiths Lesser Christs of dim aspirations Farewell Farewell Sun slit throat

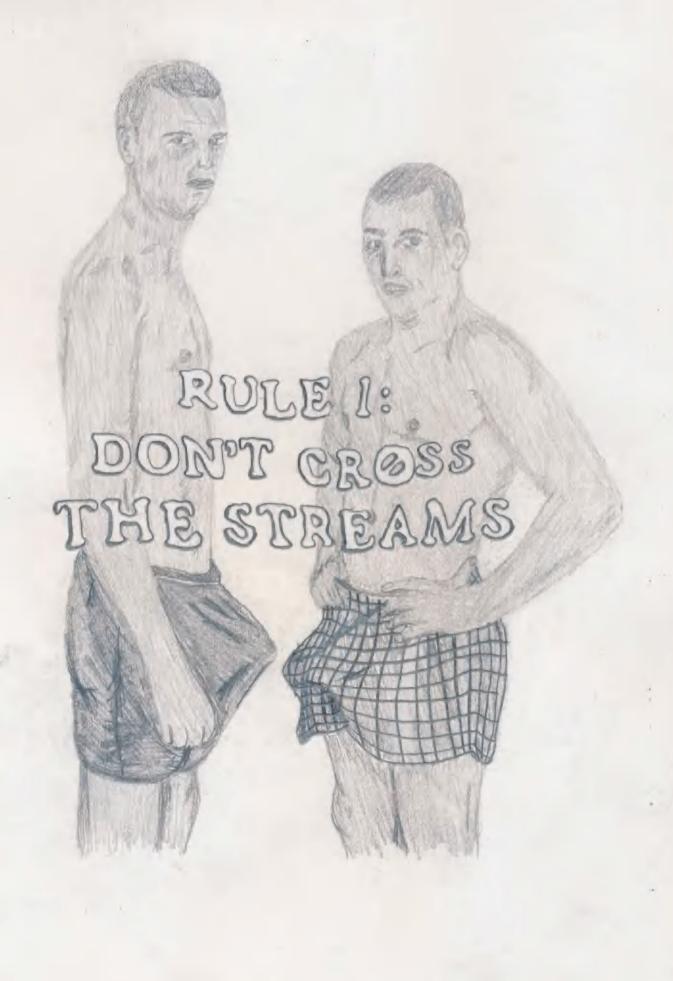














### AY FAULT FAULT FAULT

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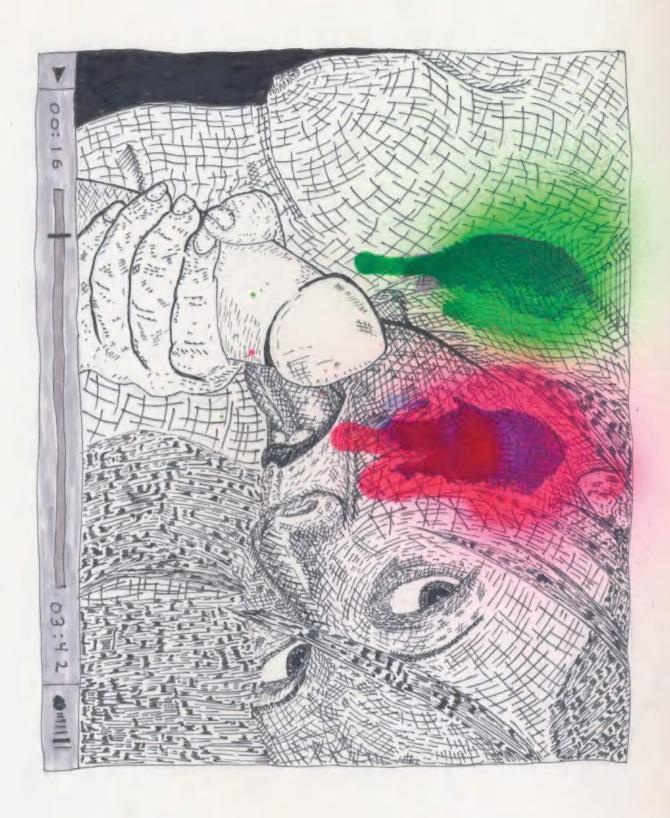




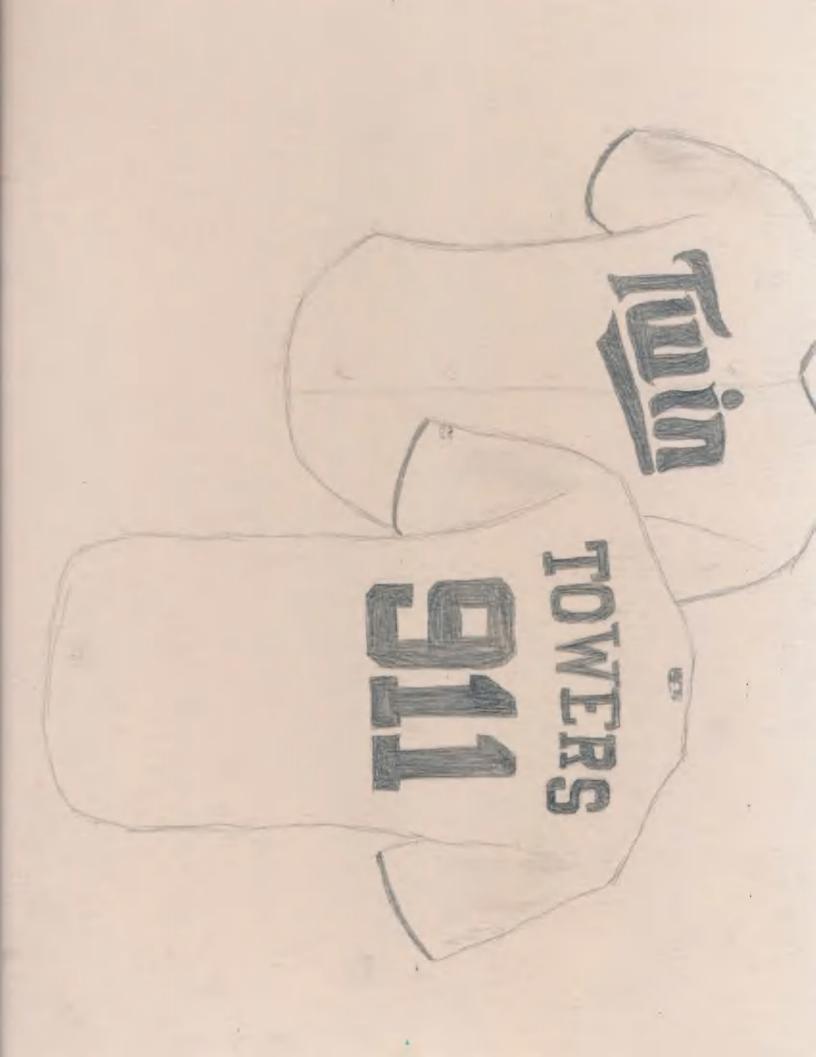












# EVERYTING MUST GO

V FILLAKS PAIN PROOF







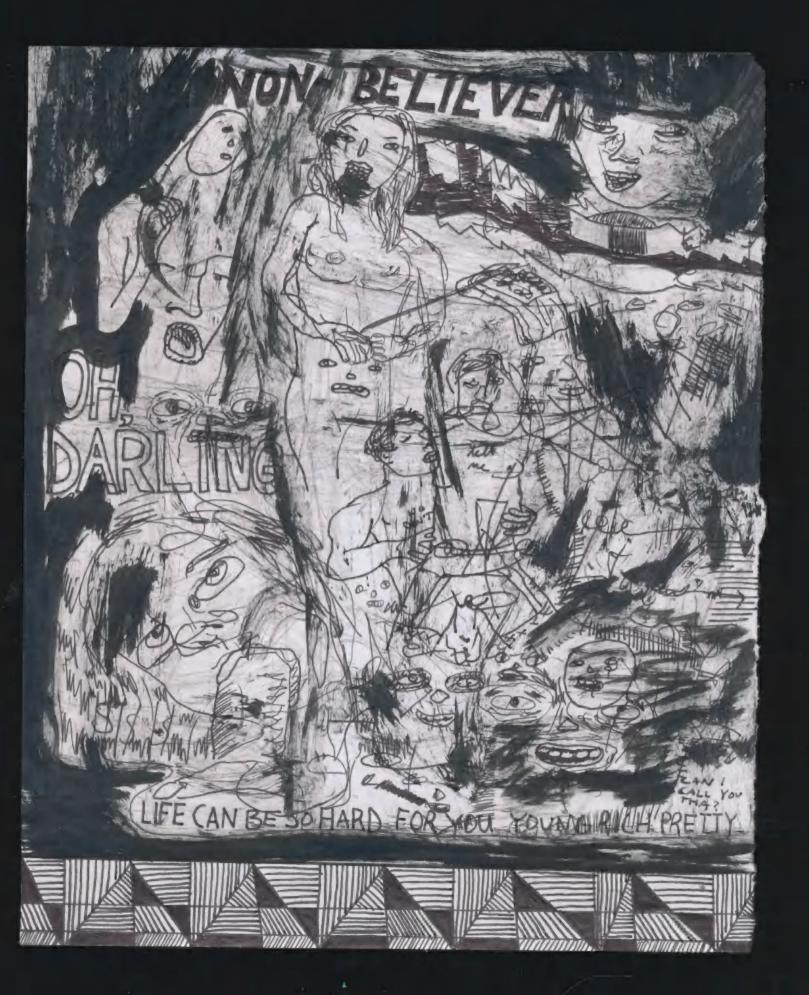




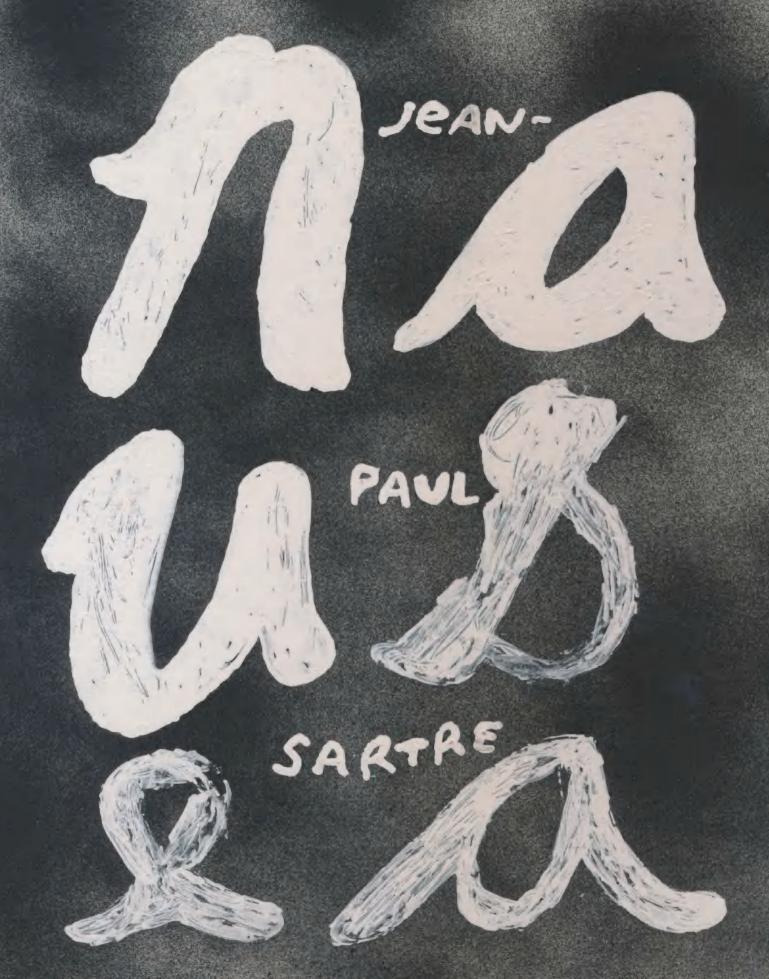












INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD HOWARD

### Nausea

By Jean-Paul Sartre

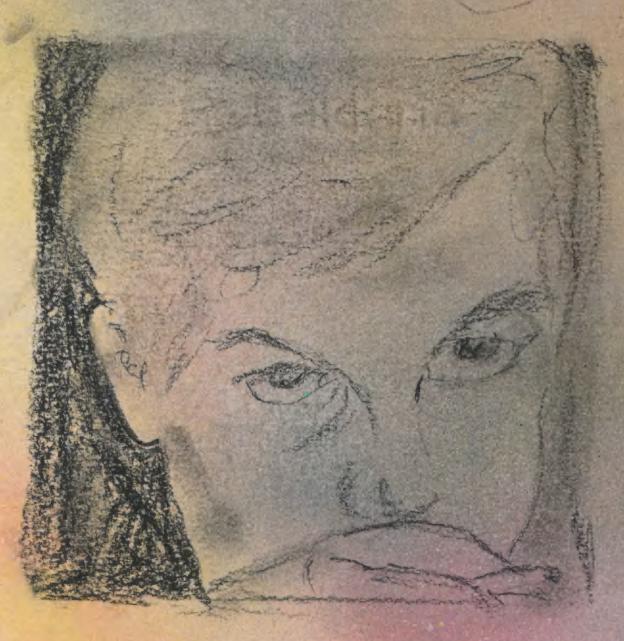
### LA NAUSEA

romanzo di Jean-Paul Sarire

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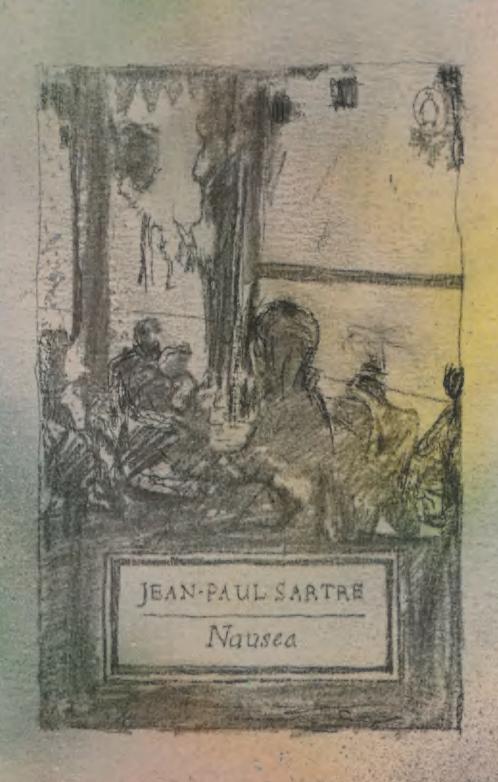
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LINE )



### Jean Paul Santre LANAUSEA





### Jean-Paul Saite Nausea

MODERN ELASSIES

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

### LANAUSÉE



GALLTHARD

JERNORIA SASTRE

### LA NAUSÉE

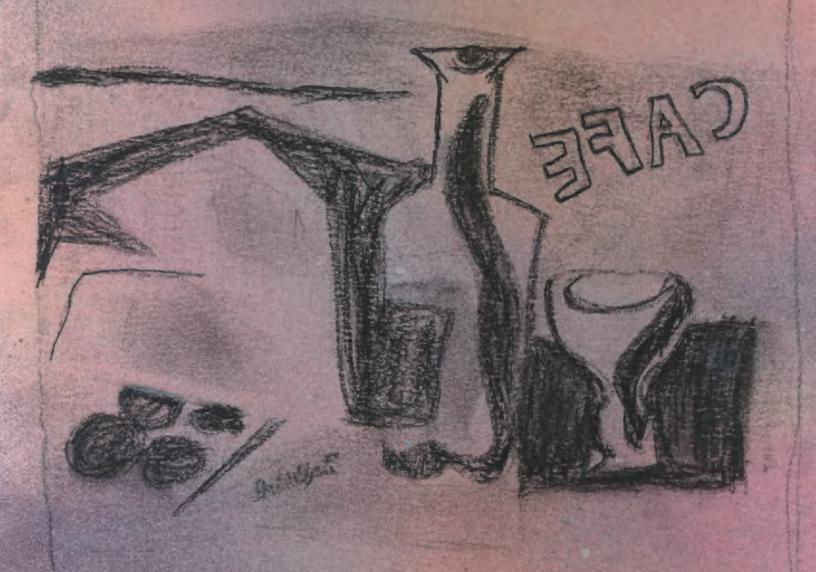
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CHANNEL

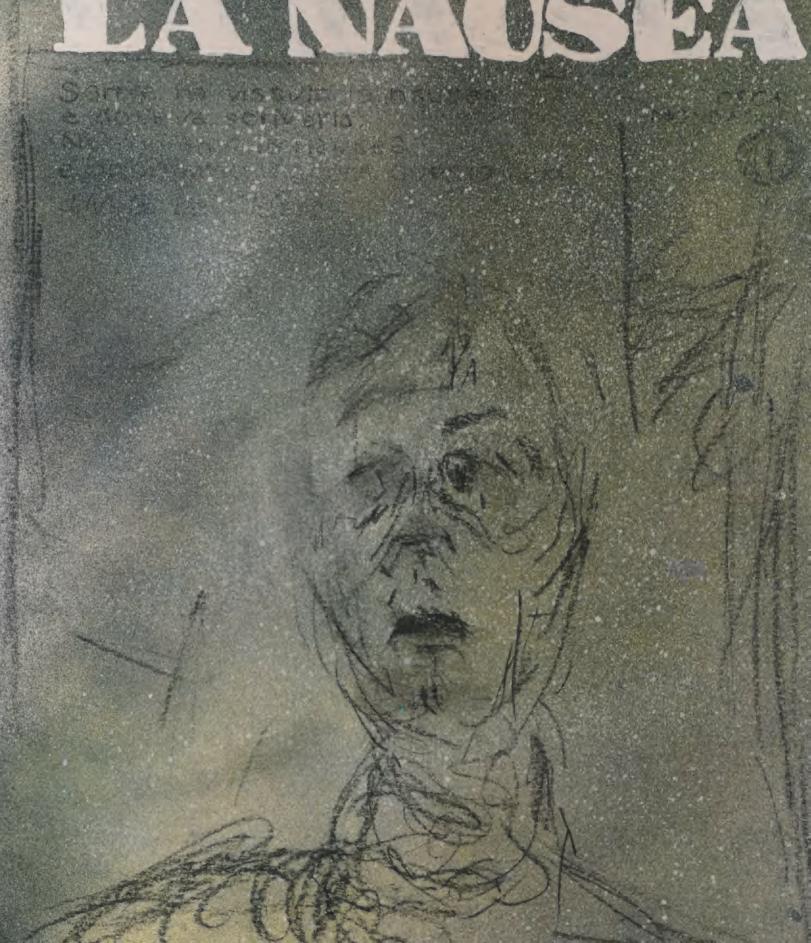
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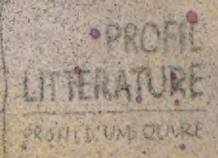
NOVELA



EDITORIAL LOSADA

### JEAN-PAUL SARTRE TIAN MAINSEA





### LA MAUSEE SARTRE

AND THE ANGLEST OF SOME SET OF THE PORT OF

HATTER

Jean-Paul Sartre



La nausea

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

PENCILLED YOU IN WITH A PEN please do not understand me too quickly SHEET! NEW YORK

# DOUBTS large and small

#### SEPARATION

ANXIETY

## extremist, perhaps

celebrate life

Comanticize
Classia

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

#### OSCAR

### WILDE

Dies Inceg at an Obscure Hotel in Latin Quarter, Paris.

Paris, Dec. 5, via Skagway, Dec. 10.

-Oscar Wilde is dead from spinal meningitis. He died at an obscure hotel in the Latin quarters where for some time he had quietly lived under an assumed mame. No friends were with him when the end came.

how soon is the end of now?

APOLOGY

WASIT EGYPT OR COFFEE THAT GOTME TO THINKING "WANT OTHER WOMEN, LNEED SOMETHING DIFFERENT"

YOU ONLY SAY MY NAME WHENEVER YOU'RE ON TOP



LOTTO PLUS

A 108 2 2 32 45 B 108 10 14 22 32 39 B MAR 2011 \$3.00

PLEASE CHECK TICKET

AT THE RESIDENCE CHECK WINNING

AUTOMORPH ON WWW.LCTTERY.JE

ANY-LOTTO ACENT

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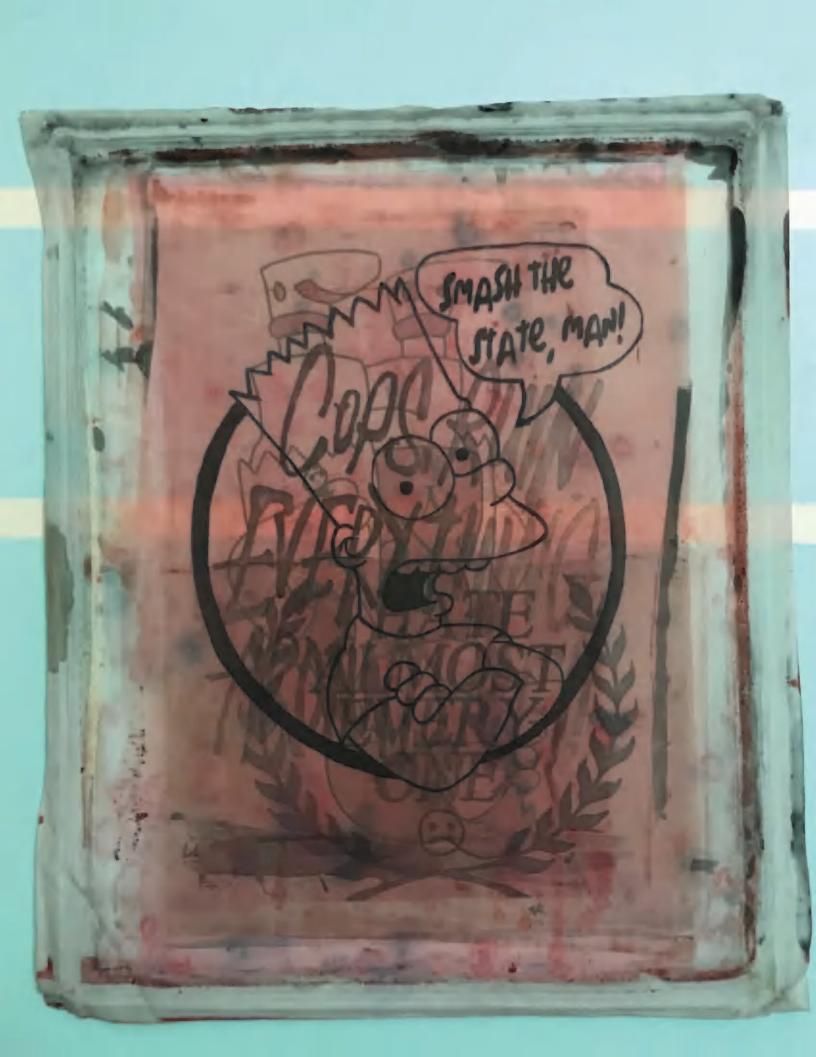
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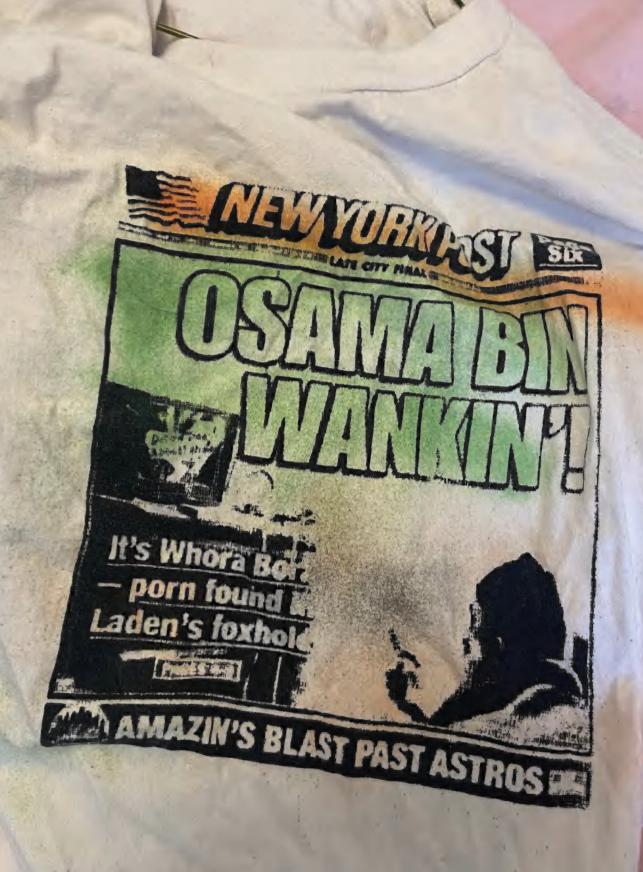




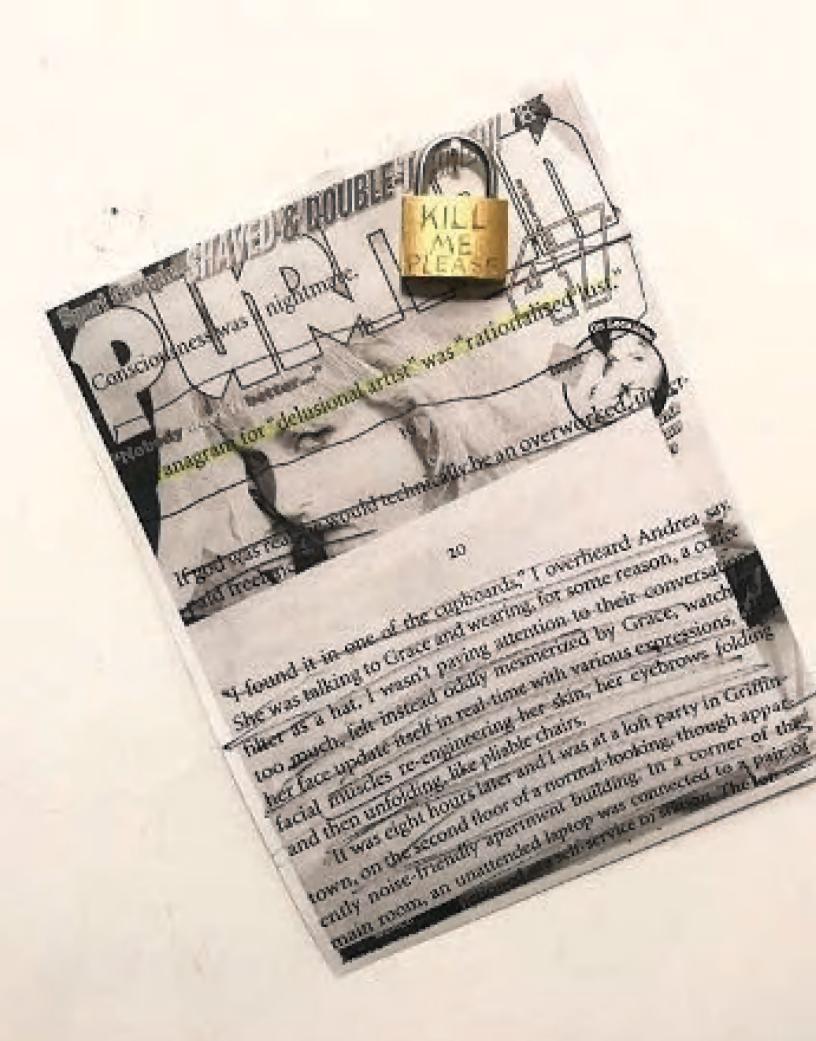


THEN CALL TODAY. DON'T PUT IT OFF AND SUFFER ANY LONGER. I HAVE HELPED MANY PEOPLE TO LIVE A HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL LIFE. SHE CAN HELP YOU NO MATTER WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS . LOVE, MARRIAGE, SICKNESS, FAMILY AFFAIRS, BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS, OR DIVORCE . LET ME PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE, WHY WORRY AND HAVE SLEEPLESS NIGHT . WHEN HELP IS JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY. LET ME HELP YOU TO TURN YOUR LIFE AROUND. ONE VISIT WILL CONVINCE YOU OF HER ABILITY. ALL READINGS ARE PRIVATE. I AM ESTABLISH IN MY OWN HOME.

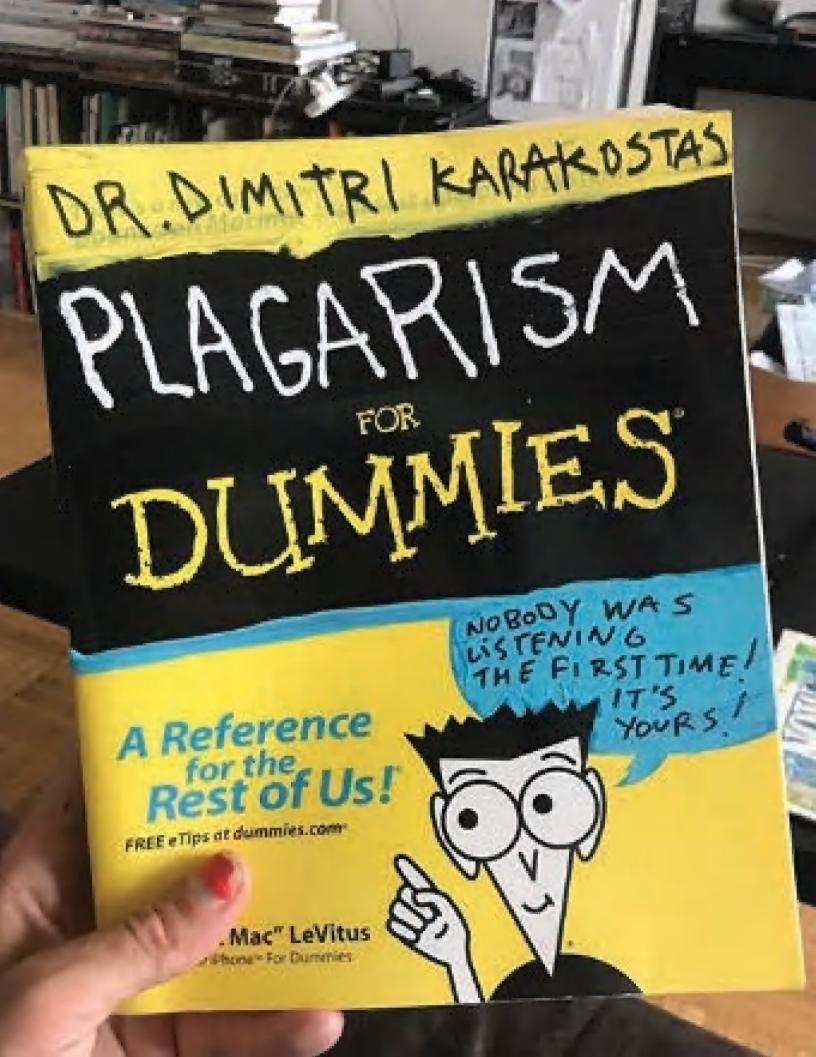
POET.























WHO IS THIS RORSCHACH GUY AND WHY DOES HE KEEP DRAWING PICTURES OF MY PARENTS FIGHTING?

I'm:
O Single
O Taken

& Coming out of
my cage and
i've been
doing Just
Fine.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti
OVER ALL THE
OBSCENE BOUNDARIES FERLINGHETTI European Poer.











